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# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 9

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1916

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### A Backward Facing Victory

ST. LOUISANS to the number of more than 70,000 voted last Tuesday on the question of race segregation by ordinance. The proposal carried by a disgraceful, un-American, inhuman majority of 34,000. The law goes into effect in ten days if enforcement be not enjoined by the court. It should be enjoined, for such legislation is clearly unconstitutional, declared so by North Carolina's Supreme Court, and by Maryland's as well. Even Georgia's Supreme Court so decided. Neither under the general welfare clause nor the police power construction are such enactments legalized. It deprives people of an inalienable right to own, acquire and dispose of property. It is not a permissible regulation, as of a business. It takes property without due process of law, in that it fixes the character of certain property depreciatively. The adoption of the law was a triumph of prejudice over reason, of property over man. It will segregate poor whites even as it does the poor black. It is blatant and brazen denial of human rights. It will promote rent extortion. There should be a full meeting of the Real Estate Exchange to celebrate the glorious victory and at the end thereof the men who "put it over" should sing Bolton Hall's new doxology:

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
And the land-owner also to whom they go.*

Henry James

HENRY JAMES died the other day, as he had lived, an Anglicized American. The man had a mind. He had the root of literary artistry in him. His was a genius for subtleties and nuances. Even he loved the human beings he wrote about, but with a sort of Sadistic joy in their psychologic vivisection. But he was a victim of style qualificative to the last limit of tenuousness, so insanely set to catch the elusive as to miss the tangible. His writing was more difficult than Meredith's. No writer can live by style alone, and the substance concealed in James' style was mostly negligible when it could be trailed to its hiding place in his verbal entanglements.

### Speaking of the Governorship

Now that Governor Major of Missouri seeks a nomination for Vice-President, he cannot seek a nomination for Senator from Missouri. But it leaves his machine ready to his hand to nominate the Democratic candidate for Governor. All the aspirants to that honor have slipped, slid and slithered about so that there is none that looks available—none, that is, but one—Col. Fred D. Gardner. He grows stronger, especially with the farmers, because of his land bank bill. There was a strong sentiment in his favor among the Democratic editors at their convention here last week. There was some show of strength for him, too, at the meeting of the State Central Committee. The committee meeting to organize the canvass for signatures to the initiative petition for a constitutional amendment authorizing the land-bank bill was a revelation of thorough organization. Canvassing for signatures

to the petition will be practically canvassing for Gardner for Governor. Every argument for the measure will be an argument for Gardner. What are mere party platitudes against what Gardner has made possible—cheap money at low interest for long time for the farmer? That's what Gardner has done, while politicians were giving the farmers hot air. The land-bank bill is a platform in itself. If the farmer really appreciates the land bank bill, Col. Gardner will beat anybody in the primary—even Francis Wilson, the latest entrant, and a strong and clean one. Mr. Wilson, now U. S. District Attorney at Kansas City, a former State Senator of no little distinction, is believed to be favored by Governor Major, and the present popular Excise Commissioner Horace Rumsey is counted upon to get him the organized support of St. Louis. But Col. Gardner can beat him, if the farmer be not another example of "benefits forgot."

♦♦

### Astray on the Tariff

A TARIFF BOARD recommended by the President surrenders the principle of freedom of trade. Such a suggestion says there isn't any principle of free trade. It says that it is possible and probable that you can help industry by taxing or fining it. It says that you can promote trade and commerce by putting obstructions in their way. It says the way to make a good road is to build a wall across it. It says that it's right to tax a self-supporting business to support a non-self-supporting business. The government shall help some businesses. That can only be done at the expense of other businesses. When you say Tariff Board, you say all this: then what becomes of equal rights to all and special privilege to none? *Ausgespielt.*

♦♦

### Freedom of Speech

A CASE in New York against Margaret Sanger, charged with publishing a pamphlet against birth control was dropped. Then Emma Goldman was arrested for making a speech in favor of birth control. Freedom of speech doesn't exist for Emma Goldman. But if it doesn't exist for her, it is not a surety for anybody. Why do people want to hear about birth control? Because people realize that too many children are born into a world where they have no chance. Therefore, people think it better that many children be not born at all. But if there's a God who sends children to the earth, it follows that they should have a chance, or God is not wise nor just nor kind. There is room on the earth for all, but some few earlier-comers have fixed things so that later-comers are shut out. The exclusion is man-contrived. The way to stop birth control and agitation therefor, is to destroy the conditions that lead people to prefer their children should not be born. Free the planet. Make the earth an open shop. That would give every child a chance. Arresting Margaret Sanger for writing or Emma Goldman for speaking in favor of birth control does not stop birth control. Conditions preach its necessity or advisability, to those who do not know better. Change the conditions. Assure each child an opportunity and



there will be no preaching of contraception, and no practice thereof by those who do not preach, but act. Birth control is the wrong remedy for the evil to which it is addressed. The right remedy is to shake the land monopolist off the globe. Emma Goldman is arrested for preaching contraception. No one is arrested for practicing it successfully, though many practically confess it, though the physicians proclaim its prevalence. One would think the crime is not contraception, but the talking about it. Emma Goldman talks of what everybody knows. New York authorities drop the case against Mrs. Sanger because her prosecution raised up friends for freedom of printing. Emma Goldman, though, is an anarchist. There's no freedom of speech for her. That is why there are anarchists. We can have no freedom of thought without freedom to express that thought. We can have no freedom of any kind without freedom of thought, for "action is but coarsened thought," says Amiel.

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#### *A Little Parable*

It's this way about preparedness. Burglars and stick-up men are abroad in the city. The police force isn't big enough to cope with them. What's to do? Why, increase the force to protect life and property. Of course, we don't want a police force so large that it will dominate the community politically, that will eat us up in expense of maintenance or that will go around shooting up people, promiscuous-like. We want preparedness, but we also want peace. Peace is what we prepare for.

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#### *Drink*

CHIEFEST of all the fakes in political agitation is the appeal to the workingman to vote for Prohibition as a cure for poverty. Poverty is not due to drink. It is due to economic conditions that deprive the laborer of the fruits of his toil. Those same conditions drive the laborer to drink to excess. Raise wages generally and you lower the amount of drunkenness.

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#### *The Rule of Law*

THOSE Democrats in Congress who want Americans warned off the seas are trying to save their party. The President is trying to save the country from humiliation. It was bad enough to have the Germans warn Americans off the *Lusitania* in newspaper advertisements and then murder those who disregarded the warning. A party that favored the President's signing another such warning couldn't carry even the load of obloquy the action would bring upon it. If that should go, it might as well be President von Bernstorff. The stand of Mr. Wilson exemplifies splendidly the United States principle that this is "a government of laws and not of men."

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#### *The Boom in Ships*

SHIPPING isn't as dead an industry as we have been told the threat of the government-owned merchant marine and the La Follette seamen's law were going to make it. All the American ship yards are reported busy. The purchase from the Royal Dutch West India Mail of three large passenger and freight steamships by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. under the joint control of the American International Corporation of New York and W. R. Grace & Co. of San Francisco, was announced as having been consummated in New York on February 23rd. The deal, it was reported, involved an expenditure of \$4,000,000. The vessels will operate out of

San Francisco to Central American and Panama ports. Two more vessels will be added to the fleet. On the same day the news was made public that eighteen steamers will make up the fleet of the new Gaston, Williams and Wigmore Steamship Corporation, organized in New York to operate lines across both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and restore the American flag to the seas. A large share of the business of the new line will be done in trans-Pacific service. The Pacific route will be run from San Francisco to points in China, Japan and Russia. Vladivostok will be the Russian port of call. The understanding is that most of the steamships in the Pacific service will be freighters. In the Atlantic service the steamers will operate between New York and Archangel, when that port is open to navigation, and it is probable that shipments also will be made to British and continental ports. Some of the vessels in this service may carry passengers. It is evident that American money is ready to go into American shipping, in spite of all alleged handicaps. The Administration's shipping measure is not having any paralytic effect upon American shipping enterprise. The simple fact is that there is big money in shipping and capital is going out for it. The dispatches referred to here make it plain that the Central and South American trade is not to be permitted to go back by default to Great Britain and Germany after the war. Appearance of such reports in the news does not uphold the contention that the present Administration is such a deadly blight upon business.

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#### *For Cheap Coal*

'Tis the private appropriation of community-created land value in coal properties that puts the deadly anthrax in Anthracite. The only way to make sure of cheap coal is to tax the community-created value in coal lands into the public treasury. The coal land would be mined, not held idle. And there'd be so much mining there would be no dispute about the wages of miners. There would be more jobs than men, instead of the other way about. There's no other remedy for extortionate prices or low wages or monopoly. Think it over.

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#### *Save the White Coal*

IN the department of "Letters from the People" in this issue is an important communication from Mr. Gifford Pinchot concerning a crisis in legislation for the conservation and preservation to the people of water power in the West. The "white coal" should not be permitted to pass under private control for exploitation of the public. Every believer in the public rights in the natural resources of the earth—land and water—should get busy and bring to bear influence in behalf of the passage of the water power legislation by writing to their Senators and Congressmen. It's the only way to make sure that the future development of the West shall not be at the mercy of the private ownership of the power most important in that development.

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#### *The German Players*

I WONDER how many St. Louisans know what a fine thing we have in the German Players who appear at the Victoria Theater Sunday evenings during the season. Here is a stock company unsurpassed in versatility of individual artistry or in co-operation for a wholeness of effect in presenting plays. They recall the Saxe-Meiningen troupe in the ex-

cellent spirit of their performances. They give that old dramatic effect we used to get out of the stage before acting was swamped by scenic investiture and all that sort of thing. The company has an atmosphere in which somehow you feel that the members are playing more for the play's sake than for money. In the selection of plays the old favorites are not forgot but the very latest things from Berlin and Vienna are given—often before presentation elsewhere outside of Germany. You should see the German folks of St. Louis at these performances to realize how the company gets into their heart; but you can see, even though you have no German, that these actors are of the true sort, from their power of pantomimicry. Herr Hans Loebel, director of the company and a player of no ordinary gifts, does wonders in the matter of appointments and in getting big results out of a numerically small troupe. Decidedly, there is no better company of actors in the United States and when they rally to the support of some guest-star from New York or Chicago or Milwaukee, they become positively entrancing in the *elan* of their acting. I am told Herr Loebel's season has not been a good one financially. A call for help has been issued. I hope the lovers of the drama will hear and respond, for of all the aesthetic institutions of this town there is none more nobly conducted, none of more genuine value to the community than these same German Players. They should be supported. There should be enough people who care for the play, the acting, the German literature, to buy enough dozen-ticket books at \$10 per book, for the remainder of the season, to keep the company off the rocks. To help this enterprise escape a financial failure is a worthier work than contributing to half the "charities" which we are afflicted with hereabouts.

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THAT pink-whiskered Apollo B. V. Dr., Senator James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, must grieve mightily that he had not another Pindell of Peoria for the Petrograd mission. But it is well that the President has found in David R. Francis an appointee to "drown the memory of that insolence."

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#### *Can It Be True?*

A WIRELESS whisper from Washington is that Josephus Daniels does not contemplate remaining Secretary of the Navy for long, and that President Wilson is at one with him in that respect. Mr. Daniels is said to wish and want to be with Mr. Bryan. And Woodrow Wilson wishes and wants the same, says the wireless whisper. We shall see.

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#### *A Reply to Some Protests*

A LOT of my readers write protesting my support of preparedness. Objection overruled. I believe in preparedness. For what? I am asked. For anything. I believe that we should prepare militarily in a way to discourage possible attack. Why? Because attackers are likely to be abroad. But I think that military discipline, co-operation, co-ordination, will overflow into industrial life with beneficial results. I'd like to see more industrial organization among the people. I'd like to see that organization work out so as to make Americans, like the Germans, feel that it is *their* country they may be called upon to fight for. A good dose of industrial Germanization would help the people of the country. It would develop our team-work. I don't think we can do this solely by getting up an army



and waving the flag. We shall have to begin farther back—in the schools. Not to make soldiers, but to make citizens trained to cooperate with their fellows. With our freedom and an injection of German organization, with a more intimate relation between the citizen and the National Government, we should have a livelier patriotism and more efficiency in applying in particulars our generalizations about rights and liberties and opportunities. An army can be kept in check by a democracy. We can use an army for many things other than war; for sanitation, for deepening rivers, for irrigation work. Our army at present has done its best work in medical research, in building the Panama Canal. It comes in mighty handy in case of flood or fire or earthquake. It is a disciplined nucleus for almost any great work. It need not be large. The voluntary system is not played out. In Great Britain the volunteers came forward to the full quota of available men, before conscription, highly modified, came into operation. Six million volunteers prove that voluntarism is not dead. But we will always need a nucleus army to leaven the volunteers in an emergency. As for the navy, we cannot get along without a good one, as long as other nations have them. Our intentions may be the most peaceful on earth, but that will not protect us against aggression. Chiefly though, I think we need the kind of preparedness that will show itself in a wider play of justice among the people. My preparedness involves making sure that no American shall be shut out of his birthright in his own land. My preparedness begins before and goes beyond armament. I would have social organization procure for each the benefit of just government and thus promote patriotism. The army would be only a precaution against possible foreign foes. In my preparedness the army would be subordinate to, not predominant over, the social organization. My preparedness would include the abolition of such incitements to war as protective tariffs, and the establishment of free trade and free land. No militarism, only an army and navy big enough to keep other nations from attacking us. I have no patience with those who tell us we cannot be attacked. We were almost convinced eighteen months ago that there could not be a war in Europe. England believed war was impossible in July, 1914. While war is possible, preparedness is necessary; but not preparedness for provocation of war. Them's my sentiments.

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Looks like we may expect soon a ukase something like this: "They'll take Hughes, or they'll have to take Me!"

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#### How Sweet

SUGAR comes off the free list. The tariff tax goes on again. The poor will pay the tax—the heaviest single item of tariff revenue. Anything, you know, to save the super-rich from a super-tax on income. And to think that even McKinley favored free sugar.

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#### President and Congress

PRESIDENT WILSON had to "call down" Congress on its attitude towards the question of armed merchantmen. If the Government is not a unit in its dealings with other nations on questions of international law, it is a nullity. If it lays down, or a part of it does, on its stand as to Germany's recent submarine orders, its status of neutrality as between belligerents is destroyed. Rules of war cannot be changed to meet the exigencies of new kinds of warfare, any more than the law can

be changed during the trial of a civil lawsuit. Americans cannot be warned off the sea whereon they sail on lawful business under laws guaranteeing their safety. The laws of war are not for belligerents alone, but for neutrals as well, and belligerents cannot change them to suit their own necessities. The President is right. His critics in Congress were only scared or playing politics for the German vote. The President had to stand for the law. Moreover, he could not weaken before Congress, because, if he had, he could not be renominated or elected. If the Gore resolution were strongly supported, not to say adopted, it would have amounted to a repudiation of the President. I must say that Germany is doing its best to mitigate its submarine order and to help Mr. Wilson in his difficulty by declaring that its submarine commanders will avoid sinking without warning ships upon which there are American passengers. That concession is the justification of the President's stand. In the nature of the situation there must soon be sprung something more peremptory and spunky than has yet been declared to Great Britain on the subject of her interference with our commerce and our mails.

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## A Private on the Army

By W. M. R.

WE are all more or less interested in the army these days, even if we are military only in a Pickwickian sense. Mostly everybody knows that as a people we don't care much for the army. We have not much respect for the uniform. We don't see much of it. We are familiar with it only on some doleful fellow standing in front of a recruiting station, and somehow it seems that the recruiting office is to be found only among the other dead-falls around the union station or in the neighborhood of the employment agencies, as if they were traps for the rube or the man out of a job. So, when there's talk of a big army, those of us who are not swept off our feet by jingo eloquence, wonder how we are going to get that big army. Distinctly the army is not a career open to talent. It may be open, but few enter it. Men go into the army in drink desperation or as a last resource from idleness or to hide. And the authorities find it hard to keep the army up to the peace requirement of strength because of the frequency of desertions. The soldier off duty, when he comes to the city, is welcomed while his money lasts, in resorts which it were better he did not frequent, and he is doped and plucked and thrown out on the street. Occasionally we get a thrill from a glimpse of a company or two in some big parade, but even then we are more interested in the boys of the militia than in the regulars. What we hear of the army from those who have served in it does not make us like it any better. Our army is not popular. Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, of New York, said not long ago, in the *New York Times*, that "the English and French armies are more democratic than ours."

A man signing himself "C. S. Grooming, ex-private, Eighth United States Cavalry, Ninth Queen's Own Royal Lancers, and Twelfth Company Royal Field Artillery," writes to the *New York Times* his opinion of both the services—English and American. He goes farther than Dr. Rainsford and says that he thinks the wall of caste is stronger in our little army than in any other. Then he goes on to elaborate his theme, thus:

"There has been much talk of late concerning the high class of manhood desired in our army, men who, in the event of war, could be used to train others. But what is there to attract this very desirable class of recruit? It is scarcely consistent for us to expect men of sterling worth and education to relinquish good prospects and the social advantages of civil life to enter a service where they are made to feel each day of their lives that in their social relation to their lord and master, the commissioned officer, they are as dirt beneath that autocrat's august feet. Yet that such are the actual conditions in the United States Army as it exists to-day will be admitted by most enlisted men of over one year's service.

"In my humble opinion the penalties inflicted in our army for slight and at times unintentional infractions of discipline are seldom justified by the nature of the offense. For instance, 'absence from roll call,' which in the British Army might possibly be punished as severely as one week's 'confinement to barracks,' is not infrequently punished in our army by a 'month and a month,' which being interpreted means: one month's imprisonment with hard labor and forfeiture of one month's wages. Do not delude yourself with the assurance that the said imprisonment is merely nominal. It is jail in every sense of the word; iron bars and all the stigma which goes with the name. The 'criminal' performs his penance in public under the guard of an armed sentry, where visiting civilians can point him out to their children as a 'horrible example.'

"I wish further to point out that the 'information' supplied to prospective recruits by the publicity bureau of the War Department is of a misleading nature, in that it leads one to believe that his duties after enlistment will be entirely military in character. Most men, when they enlist, expect to do a man's work, and hard work at that—of a military nature. After having enlisted they learn that when their military duties for the day have been performed there still remains the task of emptying Mrs. Officer's slop can; mowing her lawn, and in various other ways rendering menial service to the epauletted representatives of that absolute sovereignty—scarcely comprehended by civilians—which holds sway in the United States Army. Fatigue-call is the hardest used call in our army, not for duties of a military nature, such as the public has a right to expect, but chiefly of the class described above.

"To secure a class of men capable of assuming the duties of officers and efficient non-commissioned officers in some future crisis, it will first be necessary to change all this and to raise the social status of our soldier above that of a lackey, that he may retain his self-respect and be respected by others. Officers in our great industrial organizations, teachers in our colleges and others secure respect from their subordinates and pupils without having recourse to the drastic methods in vogue in our army, and there is no logical reason why the latter should be an exception.

"I think that soldiers should perform duties of a military nature only. Even certain of the work around barracks and drill grounds could be performed by a service corps, such as that existing in most foreign armies. These men should be enlisted at a higher rate of pay than that of the 'line,' and with the full understanding of the nature of the duties which they would have to perform. In time of war this service corps would form a valuable part of our military organization and would be used as at the present time in Europe."

This picture by Trooper Grooming accords with all we know of the army outside of the novels of General Charles King—if anyone reads nowadays those once popular stories. The General has not written any novels for some years. Trooper Grooming evidently doesn't think as well of the army as does Mr. Thomas I. Macauley, who recently wrote of his cavalry experiences in the *MIRROR's* de-



partment of "Letters from the People." Still he does think the army could get better men for the "line" by providing an education in some modified form of that offered cadets at West Point or Annapolis. He would have the graduation standard of such schools at least that of the college preparatory schools. At such schools men could get instruction they could not afford to pay for in civil life. The physical and mental training would make them more efficient upon their return to citizenship, and they would be available as instructors in case of emergency or in the National Guard. The elements of military drill, skirmish, marching, sighting, the manual of arms, would make them physically "fit." Trooper Grooming thinks the present rate of army pay for enlisted men would be sufficient to attract desirable men to the army, if such training advantages went with it, but it would have to be raised at the end of their first enlistment if they should take to the army as a career. He would have an army of 150,000, exclusive of reserves and auxiliaries, one-third of it artillery. He would have a system of reserves to be called upon as needed, according to age and service-experience. Concluding, he says that his system or something like it is the quickest and most practical method of supplying the officers and non-commissioned officers,—the backbone of the army; then: "of course, it might be somewhat unpleasant for our West Pointers to be compelled to rub elbows with the common herd even in time of national danger, but, after all, the first, in fact the only, duty of an army, is to fight—and win."

The epistolary trooper has said something. If the army be as he says it is, no one can doubt that it will be difficult to get men into it otherwise than by conscription. The American rookie will not gracefully or graciously play the valet. It won't go in our army any more than the old English system of fagging would go in our schools. That is, it won't go unless we take the children in hand at school as they do in Germany and instil in them the idea and the ideals of military discipline of the most unquestioning kind. Even National Guardsmen do not fall in well for rigid discipline when they are put on serious service. They do fairly well when they are playing soldier, but they were a difficult and an obstreperous bunch in the camps when they were mustered into the regular service in the war with Spain.

Continental army or federalized National Guard, or whatever form our new army is to take, the private will have to be handled much more gently than he is handled in the army now or there will not be many of him. Young America doubtless would rush to enlist if there were a call to arms in a serious issue with some other nation. But for any long period of humdrum service he would have to be relieved of blacking Mr. Officer's boots or "emptying Mr. Officer's slop-cans." As Trooper Grooming exposes the conditions of the private in our army, the adventure is not attractive. Better pay might draw more men, but not for long. The American man doesn't like personal bodily service upon other men. This is a condition, not a theory, that the advocates of preparedness will have to remedy before they can do anything with the new and greater army scheme. Caste will have to be cut out. Of course, it is not wholly eliminated from the French and English armies, Dr. Rainsford and Trooper Groom to the contrary notwithstanding. It is very doubtful if we can get a good supply of privates for the army as long as we remain even as imperfectly democratic as we are. We are too democratic to maintain discipline among our

household servants. This is the hardest problem of all in preparedness—that, with us, everybody wants to be a general or, at the very least, a colonel.

♦♦♦♦

## Diaghileff's Dancers

By John L. Hervey

SERGE DE DIAGHILEFF'S *Ballet Russe* has come and gone from Chicago. It lingered at the Auditorium two weeks and departed, if one is to believe the management, after having experienced a "frost." The receipts at the box-office were insufficient to meet the guarantee, leaving a deficit to be made up by the "Metropolitan Ballet Company" (meaning the Metropolitan Opera Company, of New York) which sponsors the tour of the organization. It is understood that Mr. Diaghileff, *deus ex machina* of the troupe, as well as his distinguished collaborateurs, have departed with a very low opinion, indeed, of the capacity of Chicago to appreciate choreographic art. The local reviewers have also been severe in their denunciations of the public, and it is understood that the town, for the time being, has forfeited all claim to cultivated tastes save for the products of the Stock Yards.

Which is truly amusing to the lookers-on. As a member of this estate it appears to me that the unspeakability of Chicago is not, in this particular respect, quite all that it is being painted. There are several very good and sufficient reasons for the results of the Diaghileff engagement here. The principal one, I may say, was without doubt the very cogent item of price. The admission tariff was altogether too high. Parquet seats cost \$5.00 each; the first balcony, \$3.50, and so on. These are Grand Opera prices—and the Diaghileff ballet does not warrant them. The troupe, before its arrival upon our shores, had been "milked" of its two luminaries, Nijinsky and Karsavina. This, it is explained, was very desolating to Mr. Diaghileff and due entirely to the initiative of the two *artistes* mentioned. However that may be, it left the organization without any "stars"—and to aggravate the situation thus precipitated, after arriving in this Land of the Free, the remaining *denseuse assoluta* decided to divorce herself from her associates and at last reports was going it alone at the New York Hippodrome. In consequence, we were obliged to be content with the secondary principals—if I may be allowed that Celticism—reinforced by the drafting of Miss Lydia Lopoukova, who happened to be in this country, where she has spent much of her time since she first appeared here in 1910 with the Pavlova-Mordkin troupe. Miss Lopoukova is a charming danseuse, but she does not belong in the Diaghileff school and cannot be utilized in many of its *pieces de resistance*. Hers is a different *genre* and she does herself full justice in the classical ballet performances only. Mr. Diaghileff has, of course, given out explanations that the greater glory of his organization is in its ensemble and that it does not depend upon "stars" for celebrity or the approval of the public. In a measure he is justified in saying so—but the fact remains that much of its celebrity has accrued through the efforts of Nijinsky and Karsavina—and that the American public is well aware of this fact. We are, therefore, asked to pay a five-dollar tariff to behold ensemble dancing, the scenery and costumes of Mr. Leon Bakst and his associates and to hear the music of Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Balakirev and other Russian composers, together with that of classical masters such as Chopin and Schumann, interpreted by an orchestra chiefly assembled in New York for this tour. Now, in view of the fact that the Pavlova-Mordkin troupe exacted a tariff only about fifty per cent as heavy and gave performances which can never be forgotten; also that the scenery and costumes of Bakst and the music of Stravinsky *et cie* frankly made their appeal upon the high exotic note, it is not strange that

the price of admission was thought excessive. If the Pavlova-Mordkin admission scale, let us say, had been adopted, I have no doubt that the house would have been sold out for practically every performance and the takings double what under the circumstances they were. Lastly it remains to be said that a number of the ballets repeated oftenest during the engagement had been done here in the past by other Russian companies; also that the programmes were many of them of short duration. The curtain was advertised to rise at 8:15, but it did not go up until 8:30 at any of the performances I attended; the waits between ballets were very long, and the "total elapsed time" of actual performance comparatively brief. For instance, one evening when the programme consisted of "*Schéherazade*," "*Les Sylphides*," "*L'Après midi d'un faune*" and "*Le Prince Igor*," for curiosity's sake I calculated that only an hour and ten minutes sufficed for the "whole show."

Nor is this all. I cannot omit saying that a great many persons were moved to stay away because of the nature of one of the ballets—that being, of course, the famous, not to say the notorious, version of "*L'Après midi d'un faune*." In both New York and Chicago the management found it advisable to censor the exhibition of faunality, if I may coin a term, given at the close of this ballet by Mr. Leonide Massine, the chief protagonist. On this account the backwardness of those communities in matters of art was the cause of many satirical comments by free spirits. The *Faune* "went as is" here, from start to finish, and was repeated something like a half-dozen times. The police, the city fathers and other vigilant guardians of our morals remained undisturbed. But the performance gave offense to many people who witnessed it because of its altogether needlessly suggestive obscenity—words which, without going into details, seem to me quite warranted in describing it. Certain episodes in which Mme. Flora Revaes, as *Zobéide*, and Mr. Adolf Bolm as *Le Negre*, her Ethiopian and tropically passionate adorer, indulged in "*Schéherazade*" were also considered offensive by other spectators, as well as by the reviewers. I am constrained to believe that these artistic efflorescences, if a trifle restrained, might have driven no would-be patrons away. Just at the end of the engagement the phallicism of the "*Faune*" was modified by the management, voluntarily; but it was then too late for such action to have any appreciable effect.

Just what one gets out of the Diaghileff troupe's performances depends altogether upon one's temperament, point of view and past opportunities either to satiate or to whet one's appetite for choreographies. I confess to an extreme delight in them, although except in a superficial way the *Ballet Russe* ceased some time since to be a novelty, for I have had many opportunities to observe it, both in Russia and in America. No traveling organization, regardless of the opulence of its ensemble, can possibly present ballet with the prodigality of splendor and upon the extravagant scale that characterized performances I have witnessed upon the stage of the Theater Imperial of Moscow. After Pavlova and Mordkin, at their apogee as they were when they burst upon America six years ago, no principals can awaken new aesthetic shudders except as they depend upon exotically grotesque or *risqué* appeal. After Adeline Genée, what farther classical word can we expect? However, if I had had the time—and the money!—I would cheerfully have attended every performance that the Diaghileff troupe gave at the Auditorium and then sighed to say farewell to it. For, if you like the sort of thing, or things, that it presents, nothing else we are privileged to see can compare with it.

The Diaghileff dancers, as all the press agents have so profusely advised us, are the last cry choreographic. They do not totally neglect the classics—nothing more classically beautiful than "*Les Sylphides*," as they present it, could be demanded; while as a classical *pas de deux a morceau*



more daintily exquisite than "*Le spectre de la rose*" as done by Miss Lopoukova and Mr. Gavriloff is unimaginable. But these are incidentals only. They are not of the *raison d'être* of the company, they are not what Messrs. Diaghileff and Bakst "point with pride" to. It is such things as "*Schéherazade*," "*Thamar*," "*Le Prince Igor*," "*Petrouchka*," "*Cléopâtre*," and the "*Faune*" which are their grand creations and upon which they demand to be judged.

"*Schéherazade*" and "*Thamar*" are plot transpositions in the same *genre*. In both Bakst has reached his highest flights as an imaginative colorist. Their blazing and massive sonorities startle the eye in detail but soothe it with the harmonies into which discord and dissonance in their totality evolve. The performance is miming rather than dancing. There is always a preservation of rhythm, but the saltation is for the most part violent, spasmodic, at times almost epileptic. Much of it is pure posturing. The plastic grace of Mme. Revalles and the expressiveness and intensity of her mimetic art, as *Cléopâtre*, as *Zobéide* and as *Thamar*, are not less exquisite than powerful. Mr. Bolm, as *Le Negre* and *Le Prince*, leaves nothing to be imagined upon the side of activity. His tendency is to overact; but he realizes the roles very completely. Any attempts at description of the splendor of ensemble are useless. Only the spectacles themselves "tell the story." Of the music of Rimsky-Korsakov in "*Schéherazade*" it is unnecessary to speak, as it has already become familiar through previous presentations of the ballet by other companies. Of that of Balakirev, in "*Thamar*" much might be written—but musically it is what has been provided by the scores of Stravinsky for "*L'oiseau de feu*" and "*Petrouchka*" that is relied upon to *épater le bourgeois*. Many of the bourgeois are, apparently, as well "*épatered*" (the verbal barbarism is, in the circumstances, quite permissible) as could be desired, and sundry of the reviewers have betrayed a similar state of mind. For myself, however, I have nothing but admiration for the alleged eccentricities, decomposed tonalities, and audacious affronts to tradition which it embodies. It is most marvelously idiosyncratic and eloquent and it follows and in musical terms interprets the action with an appropriateness that is absolute. One might, I think, see and hear a dozen different presentations of either ballet and still find many new effects to seize upon and admire.

"*Petrouchka*" has not been so conspicuously advertised as "*L'oiseau de feu*," on account of the fact that its scenic investiture is not by Bakst, but by Mr. Alexandre Benois, a Parisian. Yet it is a singularly alluring performance. It might almost be defined as our old operatic acquaintance, the "*Pagliacci*" of Leoncavallo, *en guise du ballet* but given a new twist. The literal meaning of the title is "Punch and Judy," and the mimetic and musical tragedy it unfolds is most eloquently poignant. To me the tragics of the more pretentious "*Schéherazade*" and "*Thamar*" did not quite carry—they were, so to speak, smothered beneath the excessive splendor of the scenery and costumes and the excessive emphasis of the mimes. They were meant to be actual but they were never more than make-believe; whereas the make-believe tragicalness of "*Petrouchka*" was made to appear terribly and intensely actual. Mr. Massine's performance as *Petrouchka* in this ballet was the finest exposition of mimetic art that I observed during the engagement, if we except those of Mme. Revalles. It quite eclipsed that of Mr. Bolm as *Le Maure*. Miss Lopoukova as the *Ballerine* rose to the occasion, while Mr. Cecchetti as *Le Vieux Charlatan* could not have been surpassed.

I shall not, as I have already declared, go into the detail about "*L'après midi d'un faune*." Suffice it to say that the line printed upon the program informing the audience that "This is not Stéphane Mallarmé's 'Afternoon of a Faun,' it is a short scene after the musical prelude to that faunic episode," was certainly an advised one.

For the verses of Mallarmé, which inspired Claude Debussy to the composition of the "tone-poem" to which this "short scene" is not danced, but mimed, contain nothing to warrant the exhibition of bestiality with which it concluded. The impalpably elusive verbal symbolism of Mallarmé and the musical garment woven for it, of such exquisitely shimmering and indefinite iridescence, were condensed into a gross actuality. It seemed a pity; for, with this episode omitted, the "*Faune*" is perhaps the rarest piece of *exotica* yet presented in the form of ballet.

I find that I have said nothing about the orchestra. As a matter of fact, under the baton of Mr. Ansermet it achieved almost miraculous virtuosity in the playing of the exceedingly difficult and tricky music which it was called upon to interpret. It was a delight to listen to Mr. Ansermet's reading of the "*Faune*," so absolutely different from that of the conductors (usually Teutonic) of our American symphony orchestras—and, to my mind, infinitely more beautiful. Our musical "high brows" were, of course, harrowed by the profanations of certain consecrated compositions of the masters that were utilized at various performances. This, however, did not prevent me from listening to them with pleasure—and if Chopin, Schumann, *et al.*, turned over in their graves it was, I fancy, merely in order that they might hear better. Even Carl Maria von Weber would, I think, have found the performance of his "Invitation to the Dance," as played for "*Le spectre de la rose*," of ravishing beauty. Indeed, I would almost feel like saying that this orchestra, solely upon its own account, makes any evening spent with the Diaghileff troupe worth while.

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## From an Old Farmhouse

AN INTERESTING AMERICAN TOWN.

LOS ANGELES has many of the good habits and few of the bad habits of the American town. And it is an American town, as American as Kansas, or Chicago.

"What's the matter with the people in this place?" asked a New York friend. "They seem to be so restless and unsettled."

They are unsettled. Los Angeles is on the boom, a sort of prolonged boom, a boom-boom-boom, so to speak. Twenty years ago I think it was that *Loce-Ahng-hay-lace* had only fifty thousand people. Now *Los-An-jel-ease* has a guessed-at half million. The pronunciation is differentiated a-purpose. All this new hurlyburly population is tourist folk who came, saw and were conquered. They have settled here, are buying homes here, building suburbs and pronouncing the town's name to suit themselves. General Otis' *Los Angeles Times* tells them every morning on the editorial page how to pronounce the name of their town. It is a vanity.

I say they buy their homes. A fleeting, surface impression is that they buy them on the installment plan and that the whole town is a paper credit town. Coming from Connecticut, which is a cold cash proposition, this place looks like a dollar-down, dollar-a-month proposition on a deal involving, say, twenty-five thousand dollars. The whole town seems for sale on that cheerful, hopeful basis. "For Sale" signs all over the municipality, seemingly at least a third of the houses built can be bought away from their present owners. L. A. is on the boom, but it looks as if the boomers of yesteryear are the ones who are trying to get out from under this year.

Anybody can get a motor car here on the take it now and pay for it later basis. They even will sell you the palm trees out of their front yard. Wives, seemingly, they give away. "I'll make you a present of her," as Bert Williams used to sing. The courts are very lenient, divorce is in the air and fills the papers. The other day a L. A. man

was proudly announced as the first man to apply for alimony from his wife.

There is intense local pride, as reflected in the constant use of the initials L. A. It is hardly an exaggeration to say a headline will run thus: "L. A. Carpenter Run Over by L. A. Banker"—"L. A. Leg Broken." But when a through-passing tourist is killed or robbed it is treated as of little consequence; being killed, he cannot possibly swell the population, and being broke, he can't be sold a lot worth a thousand dollars for three thousand.

Food seems rather cheap, the streets are wide and clean; there are plenty of pretty suburbs and interurban electric cars. The fares are too high, of course, but we must remember that this is the Southland which was originally brought up on a diet of Collis P. Huntington and Southern Pacific. The Climate, of course, is always spoken of with a capital C. The Climate is Southern California. To take away the Climate from this territory would be like taking away the breasts from a beautiful woman. The present pulchritude would fade and die. The Climate is responsible for the two great California industries of motion-picture-taking and land-selling. A motion picture plant is run at a cost of so many thousand dollars a day whether the sun shines or not, so it behooves the manager of the plant to locate where he is reasonably sure of a place in the sun.

As to the land-selling, it is still going merrily on. The usual high talk about orange groves and lemon orchards crops the year round, brings farmers from all over the country. Nevertheless, there are sundry bitter mutterings against all this gaudy gaulimawfry. After you have raised crops you have to find a market for them. The L. A. *Times* blames the Wilson administration because California farmers had to plow under their crops of olives and fruit this year, worth more as fertilizer than they could bring in the market. But the same is true of New York State, according to a dispatch in the same paper. Fields of cabbage were turned underground again in Northern New York. Is it the Dimmycrats? Or is it the farmer? Or is it the middleman?

The people here are a very likeable lot. They come from everywhere, the Middle States, North, South and down East. They look healthy, husky and brash. In the East I was generally considered by my acquaintances either a loon or a grouch because I have a way of asking direct questions, giving blunt answers, finding out what I want, bracing strangers for information or out of curiosity, and keeping my mouth shut when I have nothing to say. Out here this is the way to get around. You can honestly crack a joke with a stranger in Los Angeles and he won't think you are crazy or want to start a fight.

Life is easier here than in other places I have been. Living conditions seem generally to be better. I suppose every home is mortgaged, but at least every workman can have a nice home. L. A. is shy on factories and big industrial centers; the newspapers are clamoring for these delights; doubtless when L. A. gets them, then the hiving will begin in the rickety tenements, and the faces will begin to look like a gypsy's palm. Now the folks are ruddy and cheerful. They seem cleaner than the Connecticut tribes. They even have a look as if they breathed more air.

An editor of a national weekly, visiting here, objects to this. He is a fiction editor and that partly explains him; a fiction editor is such a *earnest* damphool. He complains that there is not enough clash of climate here to bring out the great qualities in a human being. He figures that a human being, I take it, is like an apple; needs the frost to bring out his real tang. The nearer you get to an equable climate the nearer the being gets to be a nonentity. This is Old Stuff, but what can you expect of a fiction editor? There are snow-capped mountains within ninety miles of here; and anybody that wants to bring out his innateness and



give it a trot can go to San Francisco, where there is a perpetual guarantee that your bug will hop.

These people seem essentially young. I think I have said that before. But it crops out so often in public places that it recalls itself to you, this cockiness—*jeunesse*. For instance, a newspaper can still have "pep" in this community, without first consulting the elders and the mossheads about it. "Say, Mister Fulton Lane, who do you think you are, anyway?" runs a headline across the front page of the *Record* here. Mr. Lane is head of the board of public utilities, but he seems to the *Record* to be a sort of McCall of the Public Service Commission, in New York; the type that can't listen to a man who has less than five hundred thousand dollars. "You, Mister Fulton Lane, sitting up in your little coop, imagine you are running this town. Why, you poor, benighted excuse for a public servant, you aren't running anything but a little two-by-four public job and you fuss around with the deer peepul a bit more and you won't be running that. . . . The *Record* has been waiting for some months for some shining mark to shoot at for the public good. You appear to be the nicest, most shiny, entirely worthwhile mark on the range, and the *Record* will take particular dee-light in demonstrating to the public just how efficient its little system of getting results from the public officials is."

The coast folk have a reputation—at least so I heard while traveling hither—of being not very costive in their morals; some even went so far as to use the word loose. But when I hear an American talk about morals, and especially about American morals, I always wonder whether he knows what he is talking about. A eunuch or an anchorite is an American's idea of a moral man, I believe, and he approaches a definition of proper moral conduct from the point of view of a gentleman who has been dispossessed of something by vasectomy. There is a certain capon fattiness about his ideals. So far, here I have seen no matrons and maids run riot through the streets, amid a myriad of tossing phalluses; the public behavior is no different from that of Chicago, say, or Kansas City or St. Louis. What goes on behind walls I am not interested in: it has ever gone on behind walls, yea, even in the hellholes of New York and Paris, and the walls still stand.

The booze agitation is here, too. Los Angeles is threatened by the "drys." In every saloon is the red warning: "Register now or you won't be able to vote against Prohibition." The swell suburbs, such as Pasadena and Hollywood, are dry. The Native Sons are kicking that it is the new crowd, the tourist settlers, that is trying to run L. A. dry. But they welcomed the tourist settler—and do so yet—so they ought to be able to put up with his idiosyncracies. I suppose you would call it a man's idiosyncrasy when he is such a mean little stinker as to fix it so I can't buy a public glass of beer when I am thirsty. The Prohibition gang is importing statistics from other dry cities, showing how much more groceries were bought after the saloons closed. I believe Americans consider the buying of groceries quite a virtue; personally, my opinion is that there are altogether too many grocery stores in this country and that people chuck their transverse colons entirely too full of groceries. If all people would eat but two meals a day and see to it that their colons were well flushed out with a few tankards of light beer, they would not grow so many fever-fews in their mushroom attics.

Here is a thing which actually happened to me, and which the Prohibitionist will say "makes no difference": I went into the Buffalo Bar and bought a glass of beer. Next to me stood a man buying two full quart bottles of Hermitage Whiskey. Before him was a glass of beer. "I live in a dry county," he said, in answer to my question. "When I'm here I drink beer, because I like beer." Oh, well, have it your own way. I'll have it mine.

A fairish land, this. One worth trying, I advise, if

so be you are unsettled where you are. Yet giving this advice about going into a new country is a perilous thing. I knew a man once in New York who was so desperate he was going to drown himself in the North River. Upon a friend's urgent imploring, he reconsidered and went to Texas—and when he got down there he married a woman with a wooden leg.

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## The Satyr

By Björnsterne Björnson

(Translated by A. G. Jayne.)

AT the foot of Olympus, the holy mount, the dwelling of the gods, were great forests, and into these had come a satyr, whom no one knew. Here he lived, here he reveled among the branches. Who was he? No one knew, not Flora, nor Vesper, nor even Aurora, who surely knows everything, because she stands over each eye that wakens from its dream, and then betrays itself. The rosebush had never heard of him; it was useless to inquire up in the nests; the breeze that ruffled the grass had no idea. The leaves only shook themselves.

But they all feared him. At all times, by day and by night, he behaved himself as though he were drunken. Even the Bacchantes fled before him. The wood-nymphs hid in the caves, the echo built himself in, up in his mountain-hall. The dryads hardly dared to venture forth. If they tried, when all was quiet, to look at their reflections in the water, and the least brightness showed from them—whisk! that shaggy dreamer was upon them! He sat on the watch behind the trees, where they overshadowed the lake, to see whether a naiad would not somewhere flash under the water like a star that had taken woman's shape. His yearning, sparkling eyes roamed around in the night like a flame. He was even after the flowers, poor, unoffending things. The laburnum did not stand safe, the poppy could not get him to sleep.

In May he was worst of all. Scent and song intoxicated him, he rolled in the grass; he made so merry with the lilies and the myrtles that the thistles, which were not asked to join, snapped at him. He behaved so, that both the thrush and the magpie thought it shameless, and proclaimed it over the whole forest. When there was a drought, and the river-goddesses had no more on them than a thin gauze, every time they wished to go and fill their jars with rain they were in deadly fear of meeting that impudent fellow with the horns. One day Psyche, the high goddess, was down there to bathe. What did she see but his yellow eyes behind the leafage? He even had the impudence to stare at the Ideal! For wherever the bird flies, the goat will climb.

But that was the end of it. The goddess complained, and Hercules came down after him. He took him in his innermost hiding-place, dragged him out by the ear, and up to Jupiter.

The satyr stood on the mount that blossoms eternally; he saw the ladder which, in unending light, led up into heaven itself. There he stood, with his goat's foot soiled with earth, but in a blissful rapture of perfume and sight and sound before that heavenly loveliness and purity. Then he shivered! But he was given no time, he was dragged on upwards, ever upwards! At last he stood upon the threshold of the limitless hall of sunbeams and lightning, whence the sovereign commands of Jupiter issue forth. He looked up at the Pleiades; here they seemed to be close at hand. The sun's chariot was just starting out. Heaven shook at the awakening; the gates sprang wide with a mighty clang in the splendors of dawn. Behind them was a dreadful globe of only eyes: the chariot of the sun. The arms of the god who drove shone, the trappings of the horses shone, as they stood on their hind legs and impatiently claved darkness from light with their

forefeet. From their manes ran glittering streams of pearls, diamonds, sapphires.

The heaven, the day which was rising and spreading itself forth, the earth which was vanishing, all that was so sublime, so blessed, so pure . . . the satyr went on through it, his goat's hoofs trod holes in the light, his animal monstrosity was hideous and heavy here above the golden clouds; but forward he must go, for Hercules still held him tight by his long ear.

Suddenly the shaggy fellow had to stoop and hide himself: it was as if a curtain split asunder, and upon him streamed light, light so overwhelmingly infinite, that it hurt him, and forced him to his knees. Before him were the deathless gods in their eternal bliss. Invisible even when they were seen, for the unfathomable dazzles. Farthest forward was Venus. In supernatural loveliness, without garment or covering, she lay there softly, as though in white floating foam, surrounded with light. The light was the splendor from the eyes and the desires which rested upon her. The sea seemed to surge in her hair. Jupiter sat with his foot upon the eagle. In his eyes the world could be seen pictured. In one was the world which was; in the other, the world to come. Behind him appeared Cupid, as though made of sunbeams.

Heavenly music, melodious and full of gladness, swelled around the high gods. Everywhere the eye rested upon festive splendor; for the heaven mirrored the beauty of the gods. The world sang their praises, because they were its overlords. The animals loved the bows of the gods which dealt out death to them; men invited their mortal spears. If there were any who met them with hate, the hate turned into lyres beneath the feet of the gods.

Here Hercules loosed his hold on the satyr, and gave him a push forward. He stood there, a shaggy figure, with his hair straight out, black, hideous, and yet with something of fire in his look. At the sight of him a burst of laughter rose, so joyous and hearty that it reached the stars. A giant lying chained to the mountain hard by lifted his head and said: "What crime are the holy ones up to now, I wonder?" Jupiter was the one who laughed first; Neptune laughed so much that there was a gale; an incalculable amount of property perished in it, but he could not stop. Venus turned her head and asked what this thing might be. Diana involuntarily reached for an arrow out of her quiver. The doves closed their eyes; the peacocks drew themselves up and screamed angrily. The goddesses laughed as all women will. When the satyr caught sight of them he looked unmoved from one to another . . . from one to another . . . and strode off towards Venus. But her white feet dazzled him, so he stopped short. Then the whole company of the gods fell into such a fit of laughter that Diana's hounds down on Oeta began to bark. The deathless gods bent towards the deathless goddesses, and said nothing.

Now the voice of Jupiter is heard: "You deserved to be stiffened into marble, or to be washed away like a flood, or stretched out like a tree. But you have given us glad laughter. You shall return to the whispering wood by the lake. Sing us first a wild-beast's song. Olympus listens."

Goatsfoot answered: "Hercules . . . Hercules trod on my reed-pipe and broke it. Without that it is no use."

"Here!" said Mercury, and threw him his own.

The poor wood-demon was accustomed to be in the shade. He crept away, and sat down by himself to collect his dreams. Then he tried the reed-pipe. At the first curious trills the eagle looked up. The eagle was the only one who had not laughed. Then followed the song—sorrowful, heavy-hearted. It was heard down on the earth. The beasts round about Olympus and down in the ravines, with their horns pushed through the branches—among them the hind with her deep eyes—they stretched forward their necks, and pricked their ears. To the slow rhythm the trees below commenced to sway: the



cedar, the stone-pine, and the elm began to murmur in time; the brown-leaved oak-trees grew graver than ever. The wolf made a sign to the tiger to stand quiet.

Soon the faun knew no more whom he sang for, nor where he was.

He sang the song of the Earth. Concerning her origin he sang. Then he came also to sing of the great volcanoes which now slumber beneath the seas and the lakes, and dream of the rocks which once formed their helms, and of the pillars of fire which were their plumes. He sang of the smouldering mountains beneath the ice. Concerning the worm's subterranean labor he sang. But all this merely as a prelude. . . . It was the forest that he wished to get on to; the forest was what he knew best. He sang of the glorious trees which rummage in the Earth-ball with their roots—those dreadful roots like curved necks with beaks, which gape over the black depths, bore down into the shadow to drink. According to the air, the place, the season, the trees then tender it to heaven as incense or spit it out as poison. What does the earth care what becomes of it? The earth collects, she brings forth continually; all things satisfy their hunger at her breasts. The trees are jaws which work well; they devour rain, air, wind, night, death: all is good. Rottenness lies round them and nourishes them. The trees transform everything, even sand and clay. Down there, where the roots are at work, a battle is going on; for predatory roots are about. The satyr accompanied the combat down into the darkness of Existence, a combat as of mighty spirits remote from the light.

As this song unfolded, chains seemed to fall away from him. The words fell from his lips with freedom, they became winged. "The mountain," he sang, "the great witness, rises above the ceaseless combat in the earth and upon it. The bald mountain suspects the great Secret through the clouds and night. Its age-long, quiet visage searches out the wild deeps, and looks into the true heaven—which the gods of Olympus know not! Those primeval sages, the mountains, seek to lay hold upon the naked Thing. They explore chaste and austere Nature to find its causes. Yet will there remain something which no one can solve, not even they."

The satyr's eyes were closed; his fingers clasped and unclasped the flute; then he cast it from him. The sweat rolled down his brow like water from a rope when it is drawn out of the sea. The beasts from below had come up: horned heads and wild eyes appeared in the æther.

Apollo spoke: "Will you have my lyre?"

"Yes," answered he, and took it. He seemed to awaken, and looked about him; but his look was still full of dreams about the morning of things.

"He is beautiful after all!" said Venus. "Is it— is it Antæus?" Vulcan asked Hercules. But he wished to be left in peace to hear more.

The satyr clasped the lyre, and at once he was far away again. He knew not where he was; he knew not for whom he sang.

He sang the song of Man. "Man is earth, which would climb up to heaven. Man has been hurled back and overawed. The satyr did not name Prometheus; but the stolen fire glittered in his eye as he sang Man's fight against evil kings and selfish gods. In this fight Man has become terrible. Who can wonder at that! When a mountain is hurled upon the live-coal of the Man-spirit, he spews lava. Even now the Man-spirit is half-stuck in chaos, is only half-drawn out of the mire. Under your rule, O gods! Even now Man is fighting hard against the elements, with the soil, with the plague, with the bounds which the seas have set. Matter drags him down, it is almost his fate; for it rouses his passion. Even now one human horde hurls itself upon another, each under its king.

"But the day will come, O gods, when Man will saddle the elements, and ride with them forth to freedom! Then he will lord it over those who

to-day are his despots. Under the ash I hear the fire; in the acorn I see the oak. The overawed Man will arise and go like a demon through the flames, through forests, rivers, mountains, air, with a torch lighted at the same fire as the stars. He will say to matter, "Take wings!" and to the boundaries, "Ye are not!" Who knows whether he may not some day cast off the weight, the impure garment with which Dust overloads his thought? Who knows whether this earthworm may not yet spread his wings in the heavens? Rise up, spirit of Man, rebel! Build your path around the light, join in with the great chorus, loose the yoke of sin, become Humanity, the glorious triad: man, child, and woman! Change continually into spirit, take to yourself sunshine, a winged body, a godlike brow! Let it lift you upon the throne! And when you are there, then cast the goat's-feet down into the night whence they came."

Here he paused. And, like a head that rises out of the torrent, he drew breath. He was now quite another creature; the dismayed gods looked at Jupiter, who sat gloomily foreboding.

But the satyr continued: "Gods, ye have subjected the world of reality without understanding it. Blue Olympus, the misty underworld, temples, groves, forests, cities, eagles—they come and they go. There is something which remains—something above all this which no one has ever known, nor ever shall know, though all dream thereof. The future will reveal more, the unceasing conquests of the Man-spirit will remove the deep gulf which separates to-day. Give place to the Man-spirit! Let it have freedom! Everywhere light, everywhere genius!"

While he stood and sang thus, he had become greater than Polyphemus, greater than Typhon, greater than the Titan, greater than Athos, and the space around him had grown dark. It was no man any more, it was a landscape—from sea to mountain, from mountain to sky. The beasts, whose curious eyes lately appeared in the æther, now went about quietly in the landscapes, and grazed. His two horns were two vast peaks, and the lyre against his breast was a great river which dashed from waterfall to waterfall down towards the sea.

"Who are you?" asked Jupiter.

"I am Pan!"

♦♦♦♦

## Peace

By Tom Glenday

I SING of peace,  
Hope in the heart of man,  
The gaunt wolf unfanged,  
The hounds of hell—  
Greed, lust, hate—  
Leashed in their dark kennels.

Out of the silence song,  
A luminous band  
Across the land;  
Out of the silence songs,  
Blown by the breeze to the seven seas;  
Joy in the heart of man.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE.  
Slothful slut  
Revelling in the sties of the world;  
Mother of cowardice,  
Mistress of infamy,  
Little sister of the insolent—  
Setting tables for the feast of the strong  
In the house of the weak.  
O rich perfumes!  
O rare delicacies  
Blossoms of virgins' breasts,  
Loins of young men,  
Tender hearts of children.

In the House of Hunger  
Garbage from the tables of the fat.

In the House of Discontent  
Incense from the temples—  
Subtle, odorous, narcotic—  
Distilled in the laboratories of  
The gods.

In the stream of Life—  
Webs of sleep,  
Webs of death,  
Fine meshed nets for the souls of  
men.

Men wandered east, they wandered west,  
No peace found they in their sad plight;  
Dawn's rosy fingers never caressed  
The sable locks of slumbering night.

THE PEACE OF CONQUEST.  
Woe to the conquered,  
Woe and wailing  
For desolate homes,  
For deserted cities,  
For the dead who died in vain,  
For the living who live in shame.  
Dry breasts yearn for the lips of  
vanished children,  
Desecrated arms seek phantom  
lovers,  
The land is red with the blood of  
men,  
The bread is salt with the tears of  
women;  
The sun is black in the upturned  
faces of heroes  
And the stars are blotted out.  
Tribute for the conquerors—  
Tribute of gold,  
Tribute of spoils,  
Tribute of beauty,  
Tribute of hate.

After the sunset night,  
A purple band  
Across the land;  
Borne on the breeze a blight,  
The fetid breath  
Of loathsome Death—  
Hate in the heart of man.

PEACE WITH JUSTICE  
Flowers in the heart of man—  
Flowers of faith,  
Flowers of love,  
Flowers of joy;  
The sweat of men refreshes their  
own fields  
And sweetens their own bread;  
As the hum of bees is the murmur  
of lovers,  
As the song of birds is the laughter  
of children;  
The earth thrills to the lutes of the  
gods  
And the stars sing together.  
From their sad wanderings men find rest,  
Bathed in the light that shines for aye;  
Night's sable fingers shall not press  
The radiant face of endless day.

♦♦♦♦

## The Separate Life

By Bolton Hall

THERE was a creature whose nature was to live in the water; but it persisted in trying to live out of the water, and then complained that it was miserable. It soon died.

Now this was a fish.

There was another creature whose nature it was to live in his fellows, but he persisted in trying to live to himself, and then complained that the whole world was wrong. He was soon killed.

Now this was a fool.

## Letters From the People

Save the Water Power

Milford, Pike Co., Pa., Feb. 15, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I write to ask your help to defeat a most serious attack on our public resources. Since the fight over the Alaska resources was won there has not been so pressing a threat against the Conservation policy as the present effort in Congress to give our public water powers for nothing into monopolistic control.

The Shields Bill, now before the Senate, gives to the power interests without compensation the use of water power on navigable streams. The amount of water power these streams will supply is larger by far than all the power of every kind now in use in the United States. It pretends to, but does not, enable the people to take back their own property at the end of fifty years, for in order to do so under the bill, the government would have to pay the unearned increment, and to take over whole lighting systems of cities and whole manufacturing plants. Private corporations are authorized to seize upon any land, private or public, they choose to condemn.

Bills which gave away public water powers without due compensation were vetoed by President Roosevelt and President Taft. The Shields Bill would do precisely the same thing to-day.

Another water power bill, the Ferris Bill, relating to the public lands and national forests, was in the main a good bill as it passed the House. As reported to the Senate, it encourages monopoly by permitting a corporation to take as many public water power site as it may please. Under it the corporations could not even be kept from fastening upon the Grand Canyon, the greatest natural wonder on this continent. This bill takes the care of water powers on national forests from the experienced and competent Forest Service, and gives it to the Interior Department, thus entailing duplication and needless expense.

In my opinion, there is undue carelessness as to the disposal of public resources at present in Washington. The water power legislation now before the Senate is too favorable to the men who, as Secretary Houston's admirable recent report shows, control through eighteen corporations more than one-half of the total water power used in public service throughout the United States. The water power men charge that Conservation hampers development. The Houston report shows, on the contrary, that the most rapid development is in the national forests, where conservation is best enforced. On the other hand, 120 public service corporations own and are holding undeveloped and out of use an amount of water power equal to four-fifths of all there is developed and in use by all the public service corporations in the whole United States.

As I said in an open letter on January 29 to the President:

"Natural resources lie at the foundation of all preparedness, whether for peace or for war. No plan for national

defense can be effective unless it provides for adequate public control of all the raw materials out of which the defensive strength of a nation is made. Of these raw materials water power is the most essential, because without electricity generated from the water power we can not manufacture nitrates, and nitrates are the basis of gunpowder. There are no great natural deposits of nitrates in the United States as there are in Chili. It would be folly to allow the public water powers, which can supply this indispensable basis of national defense, to pass out of effective public control."

A concerted movement is on foot to break down the conservation policy. Feeble resistance or none at all is being made by official Washington. Unless the press and the people come to the rescue, the power interests are likely to win. This is a public matter wholly removed from political partisanship. Your help is needed, and that of your paper. For nearly ten years this fight for the public water powers has gone on. We ought not to lose it now.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

## New and Unusually Attractive Wall Papers

Our Shop of Interior Decorations announces the arrival of a new and extensive line of Wall Papers for 1916. This collection embraces the smartest patterns of domestic and foreign manufacturers in the newest color-combinations, that are delightfully different and distinctively individual—including black-and-sand, black-and-gray and black-and-white.

The qualities range from the inexpensive chamber paper to the most elaborate Flocks and hand-printed parchments.

### A Special Sale of Wall Paper

To encourage the advancing of the decorating season we are offering—for this week only—two special lots of Wall Papers at much less than regular prices.

The papers and colorings are so varied that selections may be made for any room in the house.

Up to 75c Wall Papers, specially priced—on the wall—  
the roll 50c

Up to \$1.25 Wall Papers, specially priced—on the wall—  
the roll 85c

*A telephone call will bring one of our representatives to your home. Measures will be taken and estimates furnished.*

**We are also prepared to do all sorts of Tinting, Interior Painting, Frescoing and Wood-finishing—of the highest character.**

Fourth Floor

**The Vandervoort Homefurnishing Specialty Shops are fully prepared to supply all demands for Spring furnishings and decorations. Rugs of all kinds and sizes in the newest designs and colorings—Furniture of artistic design and substantial construction—Lighting Fixtures for all parts of the home—Lace Curtains and Draperies of every description and the necessary equipment for the modern kitchen.**

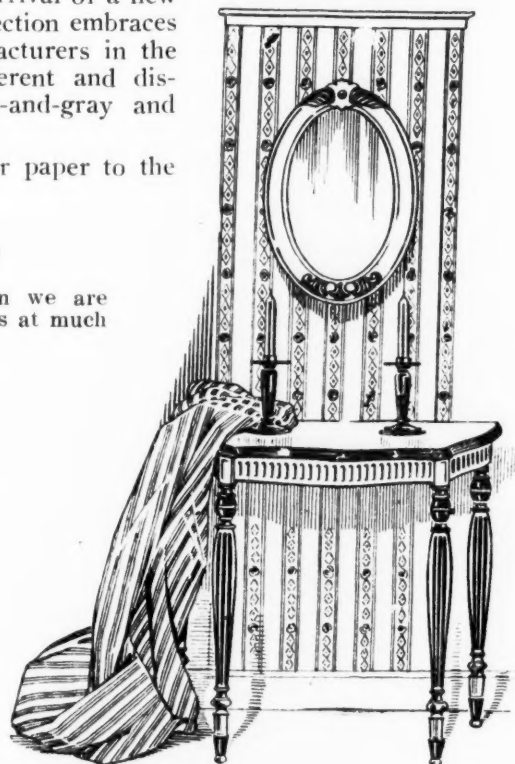
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*Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney*

OLIVE and LOCUST from NINTH to TENTH

The Best Goods for the Price no Matter What the Price



### D'ye Spier Mr. Speer?

Moberly, Mo., Feb. 25, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I note that the leaders in the Republican party have eliminated the eloquent and able McJimsey of Springfield from the gubernatorial list. Likewise they have put the quietus upon the romantic and efficient Cecil Thomas, the highly popular Mayor of Jefferson City. The race narrows down to Judge Lamm and Mr. Swanger of Sedalia. Mr. Lamm is an old man, but an able one. Mr. Swanger has been a state official by virtue of the great 1904 Republican landslide in this state. As between the two men there is a marked cleavage between certain elements in Republican politics. I will say nothing against either gentleman personally.

But why does not a paper as percipient as the MIRROR point out to the Republicans of Missouri that their choice for governor is not necessarily confined to the two gentlemen to whom the choice is at present apparently restricted? There are others—at least one other; and

I want to call your attention to that one.

I refer to Mr. A. A. Speer of Chamois. To my way of thinking he is head and shoulders above all others mentioned on that side, by reason of native abilities and official experience. He was for ten years in the Legislature, serving one term as Speaker, and he made a record for himself in which his opponents can discover no serious flaw. He is now a member of the Capitol Commission.

Mr. Speer is a thoroughgoing business man. He is likewise a man of the highest personal character and, while a Republican, is not, strictly speaking, a narrow and bigoted partisan. If he were nominated he would draw largely upon the independent vote. This vote will count more heavily in the coming election than in any other election for a long time past.

If Mr. Speer and Colonel Gardner were the opposing candidates for governor it would be a beautiful race and the best man would win. Best of all,



however, in the event of the success of either, the state government would be, for a time at least, free, in a measure, from the affliction of rule of lawyers by lawyers for lawyers. The whole country, as I see it, is bedeviled by lawyerism and lawyer law and I personally long ago quit voting for lawyers for any offices except those strictly within the proper scope of their profession. This may be thought an extreme position, but I find the feeling that way growing.

Mr. Speer is in the heart of German Missouri, and being well and favorably known throughout the state as well as in his own region would make an exceptionally strong candidate. He should be as solid with the Germans as Mr. Swanger is said to be.

It seems to me that a lot of self-selected leaders in the Republican party have gotten together and decided who shall and who shall not run for governor. It's about time that the individual members of the party gave the matter some consideration. They should reflect why certain groups of men are behind certain candidates, or opposed to certain other candidates, or have decided that so-and-so shall not be considered at all. The rank and file of the voters of the Republican party could not do better than consider Mr. Speer. There is entirely too much agreement between certain practical, "spoils" elements of the party concerning the other candidates. Why shouldn't the people nominate some candidate, regardless of the leaders' selection?

H. H. H.

#### "The Man of Promise"

New York, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Do my eyes deceive me? Is it possible that the novel, "The Man of Promise," is to be condemned because its hero is not a forward-looker, a right-thinker, an example-to-young-men and an uplifter? Maybe Mr. Wright's next hero will be a Tolstolian—what then? Mr. Wright is not a preacher: his novel doesn't teach anything. He has fought against dialectic art all his life. And, now, to think he should be set down as a doctrinaire! And by you!

But listen: you say that you don't know what the novel "means." Very good! So why speculate? It doesn't mean anything except a novel. However, you say it proves something or other, whether the author intended to prove it or not. Well, maybe it does prove something or other. But, in any event, Mr. Wright didn't "intend" to prove anything. The book was meant simply as the story of a weak man—a man of promise, and of his struggles between sex and ambition. What he believed, what he thought, what he aimed for doesn't matter. Greatness isn't a question of one specific code. Tolstoi and Goethe were both great: so were Nietzsche and Karl Marx.

Mr. Wright's hero was a radical—that was the whole point: he believed in things the world *didn't* believe in. Right or wrong, he had a vision and strove to attain it. Far be it from me to question the authenticity of his beliefs. He might have believed something else, and his psychological struggles would have been the same. He was not conserva-

tive: his ideas weren't popular—that was the point. So why, in the name of all that's literary, should you use his hero's beliefs and character to wallop Mr. Wright with? He was a human being; he had ideas that many other human beings have held; he was weak and egotistic—despicable, if you like—and as such he was legitimate material for a fictional work.

What has the hero's morality or uprightness or righthandedness to do with a creative work? *Hamlet* was crazy:



[Style Week—March] 6th to 11th  
Nineteen Sixteen

## SPRING MILLINERY

From the clever designers of New York and Paris come these beautiful millinery conceptions.

The new millinery always of prime importance when Fashion turns the page of seasons, is more fascinating than ever this spring, as there are so many entirely new style features.

The artists of Paris have sent us wonderful creations through our foreign representatives, also some exclusive, unusual Frenchy materials, that are absolutely necessary for a distinctive millinery creation. Mesdames Georgette, Lewis, Hermance, Saget and Odette are a few of the many well-known Parisian milliners who have given us such clever hats

## IN THE COSTUME SALON

Like the bursting of myriads of Spring blossoms the new garments for Spring present a beautiful sight; Evening Gowns of Soiree, Brocades, Taffetas, etc., Afternoon Gowns of Georgette Crepe, Charmeuse, Faille and Taffeta.

Suits of Velour Check, Gabardines, Poiret Twill, Serge, Faille, Taffeta, Peau de Soie and Mixtures.

Coats of Peau de Piche, Tweeds, Faille and Taffeta.

Among these are new models of Callot, Jenny, Paquin, Lucile, Hickson, Joseph, Worth, Poiret, Redfern and many others.

**Nipent's**

Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street

Hedda Gabler was a coward; *Becky Sharp* was a "climber"; *Barry Lyndon* and *Philippe Bridau* were rascals; *Nana* was a Magdalene—one could go on indefinitely. And what has the philosophical selectivism of an author to do with art? Shakespeare was a resignationist; Fielding, an optimist; Hardy, a tragic pessimist; Dickens, a sentimentalist; George Moore, a sensualist; Sterne and Congreve were wassailers. Even a prohibitionist can't deny the poetry of "The Rubáiyát." I can even imagine Jo-

sephus Daniels made the hero of a great novel by a Balzac; and Christ has been the hero in some utterly worthless novels. So why condemn Mr. Wright if his hero happens to have certain ideas which sound like Nietzsche? An egoist has as much right to be a character in a novel as has Horace Traubel. The idea of an intellectual aristocratic culture didn't originate with Nietzsche. Men used the whip on women before Nietzsche promulgated the advice. Mr. Wright's hero was certainly not a super-

man; even socialists sometimes fall under the spell of designing women. And basically, there is no Nietzscheanism in the book. You admit it, yourself; for you say the book proves that "whoso lives for himself is his own cancer." That certainly is not Nietzscheanism, but rather the opposite. A literary artist, as Mr. Wright indisputably is, might will be sorry the book proves anything to anybody. All Mr. Wright wanted was to depict the life of a man.

Surely you'll agree with me that one who strives to be an artist should not attempt to teach a lesson. And you admit the book doesn't teach anything. Well, in that at least Mr. Wright, as artist, succeeded, for he clearly didn't want to teach anything.

What he did want to do, however, was to write a novel about the particular kind of man that *Stanford West* was—an intellectual outcast, a rebel without great courage, a cowardly, visionary writer, with a rotten streak in his character. And Mr. Wright wanted to depict his struggles with certain types of women.

But, most of all, he wanted to do a sound piece of literary work. The subject-matter was merely his medium. In a way, he has been ten years writing the book. You have read Mr. Wright's critiques in the *Los Angeles Times*, in *Town Topics*, in the *Smart Set* and there he has always shown respect for the novel as a high and difficult form of expression. He has studied it sedulously for years as a critic. So he came to this work after a long apprenticeship. There is not a paragraph in "The Man of Promise" that does not represent what seemed to me an *aesthetic* need. (There is not one passage of preaching or endeavor to put forth a creed.) And now you throw his book out of the window because the hero was not an admirable fellow!

What I don't understand is how you, who have fought against this sort of criticism—that is, criticism based on moral, philosophical and economic prejudice—should turn upon and repudiate the book after you had said it is "extremely well written." Come, is that quite fair? Isn't the novelist to have freedom in the selection of his material? Look at the thing squarely. Not a word in your review as to how Mr. Wright depicted *West's* struggle and degeneration through weakness. Not a word as to the handling of episode and character. Nary a line as to the book's artistry. Only a rip-snorting, cruel lambasting because the hero wasn't a sound philosopher and a gentleman.

Be a good fellow and say whether the book is good or bad as a novel, irrespective of the hero's intellectual and moral proclivities. Then, let your judgment be as harsh and uncomplimentary as your sense of artistic values dictates.

A NOVELIST MYSELF.

Is It as Bad as This?

St. Louis, Feb. 28, 1916.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Some time ago you did the country a fine service by giving it the phrase "sex o'clock in America." It came in a time when it was really needed. Even *Cur-*

*rent Opinion*, which is busy with many things in no way "current," tumbled to your phrase.

Here is a suggestion. The day is crying out for a "Reflection" which might be called "The Day of the Skunk in American Literature." Perhaps the leading skunks created by American writers are that mixture of conceit and eroticism known as "the genius" in the book of that title, and *Stanford West* in "The Man of Promise."

If skunks ever walked on two legs and were clad in masculine garb these two fellows certainly belong to the species. I know you can name a few more like them.

Now, don't think me a prude or a puritan. I would not be a puritan for anything under the sun. To my mind puritans are called such by contrast. But what sense is there in creating types whose one reason for living seems to be to exercise their erotic faculties and the rest of the time dream of their own greatness?

Please give us a good essay, as only you can write, on "The Day of the Skunk in American Literature."

O'L.

[O'L. is, possibly, unduly "het up." "The Genius" and "The Man of Prom-

ise" have one merit. They deal with a kind of man that is, and they describe a life that is. Nothing that is human is wholly foreign to art. And the works in question serve a good purpose, when they evoke letters like this of O'L.—EDITOR THE MIRROR.]

#### All Americas Customs Union

Feb. 23, 1916.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Many manufacturers hesitate to cultivate South American trade for fear it may be taken from us at the close of the war.

An All American Customs Union would tie up this trade enduringly.

It would unify the interests of all America, without governmental change, and induce a solidarity more effective to secure peace than enlarged fleets and armies.

No possible aggressor would affront a united continent.

A simple amendment to the tariff act, admitting free the products of any American country which would admit our products free, will effect this.

Argentina would promptly accept and the others would follow.

So great are the advantages of this

policy it should be passed promptly by the present Congress.

It is in accord with policies supported by the best minds of both parties.

Give Secretary McAdoo this definite proposal to take with him to Buenos Aires in April—instead of empty words—and he will bring back substantial results.

WILL ATKINSON.

485 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

#### Why Detroit Defeated Municipal Ownership

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

There is considerable confusion of thought as to why the voters of Detroit, the organized workingmen among them, refused to accept the municipal ownership of street railways program presented to them at the last election.

It was not because they were opposed to municipal ownership of itself. Only a short time before they had voted seven to one in favor of it.

Two reasons for the defeat of the measure stand out prominently:

(1) They were asked to buy a "pig in a poke;" that is, the price was left to be determined later, with the voters deprived of the privilege of passing upon the price.

## And Now for the Display of the "Original" Costumes

Designed by LEON BAKST

### N-O-T Copies or So-Called "Inspirations"

The management of the Diaghileff's Ballet Russe, appearing at the Odeon March 6th and 7th, singled out the leading stores in each city where the Ballet Russe is to appear, for the exhibition of costumes and accessories to be worn during these performances. In New York it was Wanamaker's, in Chicago it was Marshall Field's and in St. Louis naturally it is FAMOUS-BARR CO. St. Louisans now have the FIRST opportunity of seeing the GENUINE costumes and accessories designed by Leon Bakst himself. These are now shown in our Sixth and Olive street corner window with the proper setting to give the correct interpretation of the artistry of this eminent master of color and line.

We deem it the highest compliment to have been chosen THE store in St. Louis where such a display could properly be made.



**Famous and Barr Co.**  
ENTIRE BLOCK: OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH STS.



(2) It denied to organized labor the principle of arbitration of labor disputes, and left the matter of wages, hours of labor, and labor conditions generally to the say-so of three commissioners whose decisions were to be final.

The electors of Detroit would not stand for this. There was the fear that the price would be so great as to swamp municipal ownership from the very start; that it would be impossible to pay for needed extensions out of the profits of the system; and that it would finally fall back into the hands of the Detroit United Railway backed by a franchise enabling that corporation to skin the public even more effectively than it is doing to-day.

The physical value of the street railway system of Detroit does not exceed \$15,000,000. It is bonded for much more than this, with many millions of stock standing against it—some \$12,500,000 over the whole system. The company is demanding anywhere between \$25,000,000 and \$35,000,000.

JUDSON GRENELL.

Detroit, Feb. 29, 1916.

#### Concerning Origen

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

You may be all right in your roast of Willard Huntington Wright's novel, "The Man of Promise," but you're all wrong on Origen. He wasn't a Bishop. He's one of the few Fathers that were not. But he was a grand old Douk-hobor all right—according to tradition.

Why didn't you drag in Abelard, too, as an example of the only way to salvation from the tyranny of sex. You remember Villon, by way of Rossetti—"manhood to lose and a cowl to wear."

By the way, Origen and Abelard are fine examples of Prohibitionism—only Origen prohibited himself, while Abelard was a victim of Prohibitionists. To get rid of the evils of sex, why not extirpate it?

Wright's story of *Stanford West* is the story of many a man. It is true. It is art, too. *Stimme für Nietzsche!*

MAGISTER SENTENTIAE.

♦♦♦

#### What of the Future?

For some thousands of years every tub stood on its own bottom—that is as much as to say that every human individual worked out his own salvation in mundane affairs. He traded or fought or begged while he was able and when he was ready for the scrap-heap, by reason of his incapacity to trade, or fight, or beg, or steal, he went with more or less content to his appointed place in the discard and those who had participated in the gleanings from his activities took their place in the skirmish for subsistence. It was within the range of very modern times that individuals first began to ally themselves for purposes distinct from war and plunder and it was only yesterday that men bethought them that by association they could make the mass carry the liability of the individual to the operation of that law of nature to which we must all yield—death.

Then having found that he could

carry his earning capacity beyond the grave by making his associates care for his family, modern man carried the theory farther and organized to provide for his old age by making payments on the installment plan. Thus life insurance with its various amplifications was worked out by science.

For life insurance is a science as exact as mathematics. So many people will live so long, in the aggregate; so much money paid in at fixed periods will result in the accumulation of such a sum in so many years. It is not a gamble at all, for, if, as an individual, you live longer than the actuary's expectancy tables allow you, and have straight line insurance, you keep on paying to the finish and "make even" for the other fellow, who doesn't live as long as he should; or, if you have an endowment policy and live beyond its limit, then you collect anyway.

All this is simple enough and the life insurance agent has probably told you all about it, but there are other things than this to consider in buying life insurance. You should be interested in the character of the investment in which your premium is placed by the company that proposes to insure you. That most men do give some thought to this aspect of the insurance business is indicated by the great growth of the companies whose policy it is to retain the premium money in the section of the country in which it originates. And that is a matter of the highest economic importance. There are many reasons why you should see to it that your money is retained for investment in your own section of the country, where it may be used for agricultural and industrial development—for you have a reasonable expectation of participating in the benefits that are bound to accrue to the community that progresses on its own capital.

It is because of the growth of knowledge in this direction that St. Louis has come to be an important life insurance center. The Central States Life Insurance Company, for instance, no doubt owes its rapid and healthy expansion to the growth of this knowledge. For when it came into the field all life insurance had been made as absolutely safe as human ingenuity and human laws could make it and the cost of insurance was pretty well fixed. The founders of this St. Louis company saw that there was a great economic waste in the removal from this section of the country of great sums that were being paid annually to the companies organized in other sections and centering in the money markets of the East. They believed that if the life insurance premium money could be retained in this section, borrowers wanting capital for which they were willing to pledge real assets located in this part of the country, would take that capital for local uses and so put it into circulation that the people who paid the premiums stood a chance of getting some profit on it aside from insurance results.

Evidently the public had the same viewpoint. The Central States Company did not set up any claim to being able to carry insurance cheaper than the big foreign companies—though it was apparent that there were economies that they could practice that were not pos-

sible for the billionaire companies. From the very moment when their assets were approved they were exactly as safe as though they were in the billionaire class. St. Louis and all of the country in which the Central States Company operates responded fast

enough to the proposition made, and the company grew apace. In five years it was carrying ten million dollars of insurance and it doubled that volume in the past few months by the reinsurance of the Central National Life, of Lincoln, Neb., a splendid organiza-



## The Sportswoman

—Will be charmed with our displays  
in the sections of

## Outer-Apparel

Apparel must necessarily follow milady's whims.

With the intense interest in sports of all descriptions, has come a new kind of dress—masculine in character—and designed strictly for sport purposes.

There are smart Golfing Suits, Coats of Guernsey cloth, plaid and check materials.

**In each of the Women's and Misses' Outer-Apparel Sections, an extensive showing of the newest ideas for sport wear, is featured at all times.**

There are clever Skirts and Waists for tennis and canoeing.

There are Riding Habits and Outfits for the field—chic Hats, Sweaters, Shoes and every other accessory.

The showing on the Third Floor at the present time is especially noteworthy and deserving of your attention.

**Stix, Baer & Fuller**  
GRAND-LEADER SIXTH WASHINGTON SEVENTH & LUCKS SAINT LOUIS

tion doing business on practically the same line as the Central Life—and in doubling the volume of insurance in force the company, of course, doubled its assets.

Two elements had to do with the great success of this St. Louis company—which is now doing business in fourteen states. One had to do with the personality of the men directing the affairs of the company—and the personnel was greatly strengthened in 1914. Frank P. Crunden, president of the Crunden-Martin Woodenware Company of this city, was and is President of the Central States Life; his is a good name in this community and in the country. James A. McVoy was Secretary of the company and is now Vice-President and General Manager—and it may be said that no man stands higher in the insurance world. Much of the success of the company is to be ascribed to his activity and resourceful management. The other general officers of the company, W. H. McBride, Secretary E. M. Grossman, General Counsel, and Henry Jacobson, Medical Director, are citizens of the highest standing, and the directorate includes some of the big men in this and other cities. Here are the names: Warren Goddard, John H. Gundlach, Cyrus Thompson, president of the Harrison Machine Works, Belleville, Ill.; J. E. Lintzenich, president of the St. Louis Slate and Tile Roofing Company; W. L. Wright, Hugh Stephens, president of the Hugh Stephens Printing Company, Jefferson City, Mo.; P. F. Willis, president of the Henderson Willis Welding and Cutting Company of St. Louis, and H. E. Shaw, president of the State Bank of Bement, Bement, Ill.

The other, and most important, element in the success of the company was the policy that was announced, and which has been followed, of loaning the company's funds on improved farm lands in the states of the Middle West. "Keep Western money at home" was the idea upon which the financial policy of the company was based and so effectively was it carried out that, even before the purchase of the Central National Life Company, the Central States Life had \$765,000 of its admitted assets of \$1,141,233 invested in mortgage loans in this section of the country and now has \$1,200,000 invested in the same character of security. The Central States Company is contributing in an important way to making St. Louis an investment center.

One does not readily call to mind a company that is better calculated to meet all the requirements of economy and safety in insurance. Its policies are as liberal as any written; it is in splendid financial condition; it is administered on broad and able lines and it keeps the premium money in the country in which it originated. Meeting, as it does, all the demands of safe insurance, expanding on broad lines, there is every reason for anticipating even greater expansion than it has experienced; and the fact that the Central States Life is taking more ample quarters in the Central National Bank Building is indicative of its growth.

Altogether the company is doing a

great work in the insurance field and for the country in which it operates.

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### Coming Shows

The attraction at the Shubert Theater for the week beginning next Monday night will be William Faversham, the distinguished actor-manager and his company in "The Hawk," a modern three-act play that pleased New York and Chicago. Mr. Faversham made his fame in the romantic and classic drama. His appearance in a modern play will be, therefore, a novelty. It is said that as *Dasetta* in "The Hawk" he displays his technique at its best. He blends the old and the new style of acting. He has surrounded himself with an exceptionally strong supporting company.

✱

Back to the Olympic for a limited engagement, commencing next Sunday afternoon, with performances twice daily thereafter, comes D. W. Griffiths' mighty spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation." It played twelve weeks here not so very long ago. The people seem never to tire of it. There are twelve organizations presenting the film show in different parts of this country, and indeed there are organizations showing it in every country in the world not engaged in the war. There is little new to say about the spectacle, it is so thoroughly well known. All the features which constituted its charm during the former engagement are retained.

✱

Alexander Carr, originator of the role of *Matruuss Perlmutter* in Montague Glass' play "Potash and Perlmutter," will be the headliner next week at the Columbia. He will appear, with a capable supporting company, in "An April Shower," an appealing sketch written by Edgar Allan Wolff and himself. "Overtones," a comedy by Alice Gerstenberg, with Helen Lackaye in the leading role, has second place on the offering. George McKay and Otti Ardine will be seen "On Broadway," the Avon Comedy Four in their farce, "The New Teacher," Al and Fannie Steadman in piano capers; Joe Lauri and Aileen Bronson in "Lost and Found." Other features will be: The Musical Gordon Highlanders; the Curzon Sisters, flying butterflies, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

✱

DeWolf Hopper filmed by Griffith as Cervantes' immortal hero, *Don Quixote*, heads the bill at the American next week after a big success at King's Theater in the West End. Whoso remembers Hopper in "El Capitan," knows that he needs not to play but is, the *Don*. This film will show that instrumentality at work in the rendition of satire. The Ince play is called "The Last Act." It is the story of a young woman of the stage who falls in love with another woman's husband. The solution of the difficulty is dramatically powerful. Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams and Harry Keenan present a most beautiful performance. "Bright Lights" is the name of the comedy film in

## Exhibition

of China Painting and Ceramic Decoration Will Be Continued for

## One More Week

Ending Saturday, March 4th.

SO much interest was manifested in this charming and instructive display of the handicraft of St. Louis artists that, by request, we have agreed to allow this exhibition to be conducted on the Main Floor of our Office Building, at 11th & Olive Sts., for another week.

More than fifty artists are showing many beautiful products of their talent, some of which are for sale—although the object of this Exhibition is to show the progress locally in China Painting and Ceramic Decorations.

Exhibition Hours Will Be From  
8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Daily

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which Fatty Arbuckle and Mabel Norman will cut Keystone capers. Ford Sterling will show at his best, at the head of a good company, in "His



Pride and Shame." In the latter piece will appear the Keystone police.

✱

For the first time in America "The Old Musician," by Paul Quensel, will be presented by the German stock company at the Victoria Theater next Sunday evening. The play was written only last October. It is a piece of gentle German romantic sentimentalism dealing with the changes in a little village. Mr. Gustav Hilmer will receive a benefit. He is a strong feature of the German theater company, very popular with the patrons. The occasion should be a notable one.

✱

"The Cabaret Girl," with nineteen artists, is the musical comedy which leads off the program at the Grand Opera House next week. Music, dancing, pretty costumes and beautiful chorus maneuvers characterize the piece. A feature of it is the violin playing of Miss Jura Nilow. This always wins the audiences. Other members of the company are Harry Anger, Lian Torgere, Frank Morgan, Clarence Marx and the King Sisters. The book is by Thomas J. Gray; the music by Frank Black. It is full of "go." Second on the bill is Santell, one of the world's great sensational athletes. Excruciatingly funny are Buster Santos and Jacque Hays, the girls with the funny figures, in the new act, "The Health Hunters." Adolpho, the versatile accordionist, distinguishes himself as a vocalist, instrumentalist and whistler. Allen and Allen are remarkable gymnasts and one of them is the champion lady boxer. LeRoy and Tozier present amusing idiocyncrasies. Alfred Farrell, a newspaper artist, does lightning sketches. Last, but not least, animated and comedy pictures.

✱

The second and final offering of Miss Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams, "The Master of the House," a delightful comedy-drama by Edgar James, opens at the Park on Monday, March 6. Miss Reed and Mr. Williams originated their respective roles in the play's first production at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater in New York, where it ran for one hundred performances. The piece requires a full cast of the Park Players. Elsie Hitz, Loretta Wells, Marie Prather and Mary Lee Toll return next week after two weeks' vacation. A vein of delicious comedy runs through the play. Miss Reed has fine opportunity for both comedy and emotional acting. Malcolm Williams plays the name-role, Mitchell Harris is best friend and old comrade, Henry Hull and Elsie Hitz his son and daughter, and Miss Loretta Wells, his wife. Marie Prather, remembered as the funny *Mis' Hazy* of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has a good character role as the servant and housekeeper. Stanley James, Louis Calhern, L. J. Bartels and Vessie Farrell are well cast. Next week will end Miss Reed and Mr. Williams' engagement at the Park. They will go the week following to the Shenandoah. Miss Mary Boland comes to us next for four weeks.

✱

The "Chimes of Normandy" go to

the Shenandoah next week after a most enthusiastic popular reception at the Park this week. The voices of Mabel Wilber, Sarah Edwards, Arthur Burckly, George Natanson and Francis J. Boyle, with the comedy of Frank Moulan, Louise Allen and Billy Kent to season the harmony, get the very best effects out of Planquette's production.

✱✱✱

## New Books Received

THE INDIVIDUAL. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.25.  
A novel revolving around eugenics.

THE UNPRETENDERS. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.20.

The romances of every-day people very charmingly recounted.

THE SHADOW RIDERS. By Isabel Paterson. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.35.

A stirring romance of the Canadian Northwest.

MRS. BALFAME. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.35.

A story of mystery and crime artistically related by our best known woman novelist.

THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN. By Louis Kaufman Ansbacher. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.25 net.

A play. A picture of a worldly modern woman, drawn with sympathy of insight, but without palliation.

WHY BE FAT? By Amelia Summerville. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; 80c net.

A theory for reducing weight without marring beauty or interfering with comfort or pleasure. By the "Merry Little Mountain Maid" of Dixey's unforgotten "Adonis."

PLAYS OF THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.25 net.

A collection of six one-act plays. Interesting, startling, artistic. A new phase of the work of our most uncompromising realist.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ART AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION. By Christian Brinton. New York: John Lane Co.; \$3.00 net.

Description of and comment upon the painting, sculpture and architecture of the Panama-Pacific Fair, with numerous full-page illustrations, a bibliography and an index of the artists. A fine center-table volume for an artistic home.

NOTES OF A BUSY LIFE. By Joseph Benson Foraker. Cincinnati: Stewart, Kidd & Co.; \$5.00 net.

In these two large volumes Senator Foraker covers the whole of his public life—as soldier, judge, governor of Ohio and United States senator. He presents inside facts and hitherto unpublished correspondence touching upon almost every event of national interest in the past fifty years. Carefully cross-indexed. This work will prove of great aid to students of political history. The once famous "Fire Alarm" clangs reminiscently.

WAYS TO A LASTING PEACE. By David Starr Jordan. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$1.00 net.

An analysis and comparison of the various theories so far advanced to bring about a lasting peace at the conclusion of the Great War, to which study Dr. Jordan—probably the most distinguished American pacifist—adds his own views on the subject.

EVE. By Katherine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.00 net.

An epic expressive of the new feminism. Second edition, with an introduction by Horace Holley. Miss Howard wrote "The Book of the Serpent"—a book of curious charm and force.

THE ABYSS. By Nathan Kussy. New York: MacMillans; \$1.50.

A novel by a new Jewish writer. It tells of the life of a Jewish lad in the underworld, his associations with beggars and criminals and his struggle to surmount the difficulties of his environment.

ROADSIDE GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT WAR. By Arthur Sweetser. New York: MacMillans; \$1.25.

An account of a bicycle journey from the Belgian border to Paris, depicting war in its elemental terms.

THOSE ABOUT THE TRENCHES. By Edwin Herbert Lewis. New York: MacMillans; \$1.35.

A novel of the Bohemia of Chicago, of strange ideas, of queer students, of adventure in India and Austria.

PATIENCE WORTH: A Psychic Mystery. By Casper S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40.

Mr. Yost's interesting and brilliant presentation and consideration of Mrs. John H. Curran's ouija-board phenomena, familiar to all readers of the Mirror.

## OLYMPIC NOW PLAYING

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A PLAY FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

Eves. and Sat. Mat., 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

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## "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

Seats Thursday. Mail Orders Now.

Night—3 Rows Parquet Circle, \$2. Balance lower floor, \$1. Balcony, \$1.00-50c. Gallery, 25c. Mats., 25c-50c-75c and \$1.00.

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\$1 Matinee Wednesday

Sat. Mat., 25c-\$1.50

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## FAVERSHAM

In a thrilling love romance of modern life,

## THE HAWK

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MAX ZACH, Conductor

## ODEON

Friday at 3:00 Saturday at 8:15  
Tickets, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00

Soloist—KATHLEEN PARLOW—Violinist  
First Performance of John Alden Carpenter's  
Sensational Fantastic Suite, "Adventures  
in a Perambulator"

## "POP" Concert

Sunday at 3:15  
Soloist—ANDRE POLAH—Violinist  
An exceptional opportunity of hearing this  
great artist, who is temporarily in America  
on account of the war.  
Balcony 25c Parquet 50c  
Doors Open 2:00 P. M.

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SAM CHIP and MARY MARBLE in "The Clock Shop"

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Extra Feature—

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Coming Next Monday:  
FLORENCE REED

## "The Master of The House"

Supported by Malcolm Williams and The Players.

Now Playing:  
"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY."

## SHENANDOAH

Grand and Shenandoah.

Coming Next Monday:

The Most Popular Light Opera Ever  
Written,

## "THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY"

Now Playing: Florence Reed in  
"THE YELLOW TICKET."

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REAL BURLESQUE

Home of Folly—Two Frolics Daily

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MUSIC, LAUGHTER, GIRLS GALORE

Next—THE TEMPTERS.

## MILITARITIS

This is a very prevalent disease just now in our country, and many good people are "seeing red" without really knowing why!

To avoid this annoying condition read

## THE PHOENIX

edited by Michael Monahan, a monthly magazine which is sane on War and loyal to the American Idea. A few expert opinions:

### The Argonaut:

All discerning persons read THE PHOENIX.

### Rochester Post-Express:

To our thinking, quite the most satisfying periodical of its kind.

### San Francisco Chronicle:

As full of paradox as Bernard Shaw, but whatever his faults, he is never dull.

### Chicago Evening Post:

One of the few editors whose personal moods it is in the least possible to share.

### The Scoop (Chicago):

A writer of compelling force, a wit, a satirist, a high thinker, a scholar, a passionate apostle of freedom, protesting forever against the bondage of convention.

### SUBSCRIPTION

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$1.25

South Norwalk, Connecticut

THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE. By Edward D. Toland. New York: MacMillan & Co. \$1.00.  
The war as viewed from the hospitals, being the diary of a young American in the Red Cross service in France. Horrible in its vividness. Owen Wister praises this book passionately: says it has the effect of De Foe's Journal of the Plague. More could not be said.

THE OAKLEYITES. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran. \$1.35 net.

The story of a large-souled woman in a little town of rigid opinions and conventions, enlivened by quaint characters and much humor. Anything from the author "Dodo" has both humor and charm.

THE KEY FLOWER. By Joseph Leiser. Joplin, Mo.: The Dramacraft Club.  
A fantasy for children.

THE AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION. By Arundel Cotter. New York: Moody Magazine Co.

Claimed to be the most accurate and important narrative ever written regarding the Steel Corporation.

THE BELFRY. By May Sinclair. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.35.

A novel of war times by the author of "The Three Sisters."

A MAN OF PROMISE. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Co.

A novel with a near-Nietzsche for the chief figure. This hero is done up by the "ladies" just about as was the hero of Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius."

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## How 'Bout the Evening

The fact that "everybody's doing it" is perhaps sufficient justification for the practice that America at large has fallen into of going out in the evening to eat a bite amidst the bright lights and listen to some good music, which is good for the digestion—as has been demonstrated to our satisfaction by the physiologists, psychologists and stomach specialists. It would appear that there is some sort of sympathy between the diapason and the diaphragm—involving, perhaps, the pneumo-gastric nerve, hence the flow of the gastric juice is stimulated by sweet sounds.

How universal has become this custom of taking our evening refreshment in public, to the accompaniment of entertainment. It is by no means the mad frolic that the "unco guid" avow it to be. There is probably not a woman in the west end of this town who does not delight to sit in good company at Cafferata's and listen to good music while enjoying other good things. As for the men—they're all strong for John Cafferata.

John Cafferata was a pioneer in the local development of the fine art of living. He went quite beyond the taste of the fox-trotting element. It was his idea to furnish the decorative effects in the lights and the right sort of music. He didn't go in for anything loud or garish in those effects. That is why he has gathered about his festal board in the evening the people who were desirous of doing things modestly but well. Nothing could be in better taste than Cafferata's dining rooms and his summer garden. Mr. Cafferata has not tried to substitute sights and sounds for food. The prime reason for going to Cafferata's is to dine. The food is the best, the service superb; the place is never "out of" any delicacy in season. So it is that the people of good taste in food and other things are to be found at Cafferata's these evenings. Look over the gathering any evening—it's always a gathering of local notables in all walks of life. The people who are St. Louis are to be found at Cafferata's. The place is unsurpassed on this city's White Way. It is the resort

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Capt. Wm. Leyhe, Eagle Packet Co., cured in 1899.  
Fred Beyer, Pianos, Seventeenth and Locust, cured in 1900.  
Dr. H. W. Clausen, 2710 Meramec, cured in 1901.  
S. J. Veach, M. D., 3201 Olive St.  
Dr. I. A. Bass, Dentist, 3808 Olive, cured in 1904.  
H. C. Garneau, Oxford Apts., cured in 1908.  
H. D. Weigle, Bank of Commerce, cured in 1905.  
F. W. Hofmann, Pres. Hofmann Bros. Produce Co., 700 N. Second St., cured in 1906.  
E. Dietrich, 4273 Olive, Art Dealer, cured in 1907.  
John Ziegenhein, Sr., Undertaker, 2623 Cherokee St., cured in 1908.  
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## AMERICAN THEATER

Starting Next Sunday Matinee  
11 a. m. till 11 p. m.

The Griffith feature will be

DeWolf Hopper in "Don Quixote"

The new Thos. H. Ince play will be

"The Last Act,"

with Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams and Harry Keenan.

Fatty Arbuckle and Mabel Arbuckle, in "Bright Lights," and "His Pride and Shame," will be the Keystone offerings, with a big supporting company.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10c-20c

Starting Monday,  
March 6 and week

"THE CABARET GIRLS"

Musical Comedy.

THE GREAT SANTELL

The Sensational Athlete.

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\*\*\*

## This Week's Symphonies

An almost startling novelty finds place on the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony orchestra this week: the fantastic suite,

"Adventures in a Perambulator," by John Alden Carpenter. Local music-lovers are curious about it, having read of its success in New York, Chicago and Boston. It is ultra-modern programme music, expressing the impressions of a baby on its first outing with its nurse. It is the "new music" in most attractive form. There are six numbers, providing a wide range of variety. The soloist this week will be



Kathleen Parlow. She will play the Glazounow violin concerto for the first time here, and, for the closing number, Dvorak's Scherzo Capriccioso, also a first time number. The other Friday afternoon piece is Sinnigaglia's overture to "LeBarouffe Chiozotte," Op. 32.

The feature of the Sunday afternoon "Pop" will be the Mendelssohn concerto for violin in E minor, Op. 64, by Andre Polah, a Dutch violinist recently discovered by Conductor Zach in Springfield, Mo., where he was working on music for the "Kewpie" opera, the words and the pictorial designs of which are the work of Rose O'Neill. Two new compositions by American authors will be played: a slumber song and morning song by G. F. Boyle and a Valse Triste by F. M. Lillebridge, a St. Louis pianist and composer. Other numbers will be Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Saint-Saens' "La Jota Aragonese" and Tchaikowsky's Nut-Cracker suite, Op. 71.

♦♦♦

## Marts and Money

On the New York Exchange, prices continue to sag, and the daily totals of transfers rather disappointing. Occasionally, there are sudden and startling outbursts of selling in one or two directions, as a result, undoubtedly, of manipulative tactics *à la baisse* and the execution of many stop-loss orders for the account of parties who are no longer able or willing to respond in the proper way to requests for additional margin. In the group of investment certificates, the declines are dull and slow. They reflect reluctance to liquidate at prevailing figures; also an absence of dangerous inflation. Whether or not an initiation of audacious "bear" maneuvers would stimulate activity at the expense of values, is a question much discussed among the *clientèle* of brokerage establishments. In my view, such a contingency must gravely be reckoned with at the present moment, despite the gratifying run of news concerning commercial and industrial affairs and the numerous excellent railroad statements. The existing state of things cannot reasonably be expected to be with us much longer. It invites depressionistic operations, if the dominant financial potentates have come to the conclusion that another extensive upward movement cannot safely be started unless quotations are jammed down seven or eight points more in all the prominent cases.

Considerable heed is given to dispatches from Washington bearing upon the threatening negotiations with the German Government. Necessarily, the matter is highly important, economically and politically. At the same time, some anxious cogitation is done with respect to the Teutonic offense at and near Verdun. It is full of significance that the quoted value of the Anglo-French 5 per cent bonds has relapsed to the low notch of last December—93 7/8. The downward movement in this instance cannot fairly be regarded as the outcome, altogether, of the announcement that the DuPont Powder Co., has declared a special dividend of 22 1/2 per cent on its common stock, 19 per cent

of which is payable in Anglo-French 5 per cent bonds, with coupons attached, at 95. The transactions in these securities have been strikingly heavy of late. The daily totals ranged from \$700,000 to \$1,200,000. Judging by appearances, it would seem safe to surmise that in high financial circles the desirability of more energetic efforts in behalf of enlarged distribution among "ultimate investors" is shrewdly recognized these days. An adequate lowering of the market price can hardly fail to lead to satisfactory results.

Latest developments in finances, as also in the markets for cotton and grain, have plainly demonstrated that increasing attention is bestowed upon the possible or probable significance of the tremendous struggle in Europe. The price of May wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade has dropped from \$1.28 to \$1.13; about two months ago, the option was quoted as \$1.39 3/4. Urgent liquidation in the cotton market has caused a decline of about one hundred and twenty points in the July deal, the ruling value of which is 11.50 cents a pound. The downward course has been accompanied by disquieting statistics concerning deliveries and supplies still on hand. This notwithstanding, it appears permissible to assume that the "discounting" process is about to draw to a close in the market for the Southern staple. Another "slump" of thirty or fifty points would induce generous buying for the account of spinners.

Railroad reports for January are almost uniformly favorable. The Baltimore & Ohio's exhibit discloses a gross gain of \$1,958,000 and a net gain of \$516,000. For the seven months ended January 31, the same system's gross and net earnings show gains of \$10,850,000 and \$5,691,000, respectively. The January statement of the Lehigh Valley reveals a gross gain of \$529,000 and a net gain of \$251,000; for the seven months, the respective gains are \$2,653,000 and \$1,181,000. In the case of the Northern Pacific, the January improvement in gross and net amounts to \$403,000 and \$999,000. The Union Pacific has reported a gross increase of \$1,508,000, and a net increase of \$704,000. The Southern Pacific's figures indicate a gross gain of \$574,000, and a net loss of \$370,000. The latter must be considered the inevitable result of the disastrous floods in California and Arizona and the rise in operating expenditures incidental thereto.

It will be noticed, in pondering the latest monthly exhibits, that the ratios of betterment are declining. The reasons therefor are obvious. Comparisons are now being made with months that reflected the commencement of the general economic recovery. Moreover, the main agricultural movement is subsiding, and cost of operation is rising. There is, however, no likelihood that a truly disagreeable turn might be witnessed in the next six months, that is, not at this date. Industrial advices remain encouraging. According to the *Iron Age*, the tide in the steel trade is still rising, both in prices and demand, and a new course of improvement can be noted likewise in the pig iron situation. The shipyards are in an extraor-

dinary state of activity. Quotations for copper, lead, and spelter still are at highly profitable levels. The wool industry enjoys a spell of real prosperity, as may be inferred from the declaration of the first dividend (1 1/4 per cent) on the \$20,000,000 common stock of the American Woolen Co. The value of the raw article has sharply advanced in recent times, and is likely to establish new high levels in the next few weeks, despite the heavy imports from Great Britain.

Recurring to the wheat market, I wish to say that reports of damage to fields are multiplying right along. The Illinois official statement, lately put forth, hinted at a loss of 33 per cent. It would not be surprising, therefore, if the price of the staple were to record some sensational "bulges" along in April and May.

There continues to be a deal of conflicting conjectures respecting the probable state of economic affairs in the United States after peace has been restored in Europe. Most of the authorities quoted are inclined to take apprehensive, if not downright gloomy, views of prospects. They anticipate a long season of "dumping" of manufactures and ruinously low prices. Strange to

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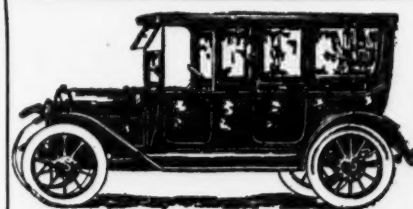
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say, some of the leading captains of finance and industry on the other side of the Atlantic have lately voiced opinions diametrically opposed to those so widely prevalent in America. One of

the executive officials of a great manufacturing company in Germany, for example, is credited with the following statements: "For approximately a year and a half after the war, I expect to see a tremendous 'boom' in electrical and mechanical industries in general. We shall need that much time merely to re-supply our own countries with the things that have been used up during the war. We shall not need an order from the outside to keep everything going at full blast."

While the arguments *pro* and *con* are agitating political, commercial, and financial circles, it will not be amiss to point out that our commerce with the Latin republics is constantly on the increase. The total value of our imports from and exports to South American countries in 1915 was \$467,000,000, against \$320,000,000 in 1914, and \$345,000,000 in 1913. In exports alone, the gain amounted to more than \$50,000,000. There is good ground for the belief that still more remarkable improvement should be recorded in 1916.

The January statement concerning our foreign trade with all the nations indicates that the tide still is running heavily in our favor. For seven completed months of 1915-16, the credit balance surpasses the \$1,000,000,000 mark.

Quotations for first-class domestic bonds are pretty well maintained, in the face of the doubtful conditions in the share-market. No material losses have yet occurred in any representative instance.

✱

#### Finance in St. Louis.

They had a somewhat quiet but steady market down on Fourth street. Business was on a modest scale. It felt the repressive influences of the diplomatic uncertainties in Washington. There was no disquieting sort of liquidation, however. Bonds were in relatively good demand, both on the floor and in brokerage offices. Seven thousand St. Louis & Suburban general 5s were taken at 73.12½ and 73.25. While these bonds are a speculative investment, it would seem that they should be worth at least 75 or 76. Two years ago, they were selling at 85.

Fourteen thousand United Railways 4s were transferred at 63.12½, 63.25, and 63.50—mostly at 63.25. Two hundred and ten shares of the preferred stock were disposed of at 19 and 19.12½. Five thousand Cass Ave. & Fair Grounds Railway 4½s changed hands at 97.25; \$2,000 Kansas City Long-Distance Telephone 5s at 90; \$1,000 Kansas City Home Telephone 5s at 92; ninety shares of Union Sand & Material at 73; twenty General Roofing preferred at 103.50; forty Wagner Electric Manufacturing at 205.

The certificates of banks and trust companies were quite inconspicuous. The quotations for them show no changes of consequence. Offerings are small in practically every leading instance, and it is clear, therefore, that holders feel confident of considerably higher prices before the end of 1916.

At the financial institutions business continues good. Deposits are growing, and gradual improvement is noted in the loan departments. Interest rates remain unaltered, though. For time loans

the extremes are 3¾ and 4½ per cent. Bank clearings compare favorably with the corresponding records in 1915.

For the year ended December 31, 1915, the St. Joseph Lead Co. has reported net profits of \$4,283,429, against \$2,317,040 for 1914; a total income of \$4,392,360, against \$2,427,686; a net income of \$3,489,964, against \$1,547,275, and a final surplus of \$1,098,883, against \$1,179,439. The total dividend payments were \$854,980, against \$352,532. The amount earned on the stock outstanding was equal to \$2.47 per share.

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#### Latest Quotations.

Mechanics-Am. National	254	260
Natl. Bank of Commerce	100½	101
State National Bank	195	
Mississippi Valley Trust	195	
United Railways com.	5½	6
do pfd.	19½	20
do 4s	63	63½
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s	100	100½
Kinloch Telephone 6s	105½	106
K. C. Home Tel 5s	91¾	
do 5s (\$500)	91¾	
K. C. L.-D. Tel. 5s	91¾	91¾
Louisville Home Tel. 5s	95¼	
Toledo Home Tel. 5s	94	
St. L. Cotton Compress	31½	
Union Sand and Material	72	72¾
International Shoe com.	93	
do pfd.	110¼	
General Roofing com.	149	
do pfd.	103½	
Central Coal & Coke com.	72½	
Granite-Bimetallic	60	65
American Bakery (\$100)	100	100½
St. L. Brew. Ass'n 6s	81½	
Independent Brew. com.	50¼	
do 1st pfd.	10	10½
do 2d pfd.	1	
do 6s	50	53½
National Candy com.		6½
do 1st pfd.		98½
do 2d pfd.		78¼
Chicago Ry. Equipment	86	87
Wagner Electric		210½
Miss. R. & Bonne T. 5s	99¼	

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#### Answers to Inquiries.

J. R. O., Detroit, Mich.—The Republic Iron & Steel Co. should be able to pay the quarterly \$1.75 on its preferred stock throughout 1916. The surplus earnings are largely in excess of dividend requirements; so much so, indeed, that there may be talk, by and by, of possible distributions on the common. The current price of the preferred is 111; last year's minimum was 72. The dividends in arrear will doubtless be paid in the next six months. Don't add to your holdings except at a decline of several points.

Puzzled, St. Louis.—The Liggett & Myers 7 per cent gold bonds are not secured by a mortgage. They represent promises to pay; that's all. There's no danger of a serious decline in their quoted value—now 127. The company, you must remember, pays 7 per cent on its preferred stock and a regular rate of 12 per cent on its common. It has also paid 4 per cent extra in each of the past three years.

Barrister, Norfolk, Neb.—Chicago & Northwestern common is an investment stock. This is sufficiently indicated by the current quotation of 126, which denotes an investment yield of only 5.55 per cent. On July 10, 1915, the stock could be bought at 118½. I think you would be justified in entering a buying order at 123. You might get it filled in case of a sudden sharp "dip" in the entire market.

✱✱✱

"Engaged to four girls at once?" exclaimed the horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?" "I don't know," said the graceless nephew. "I guess Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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#### Hotel Jefferson

On account of Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe at the Odeon, March 6th and 7th, the reservations for the regular Monday dance being very large, the management of the HOTEL JEFFERSON has arranged for a Mardi Gras dance, Tuesday night, March 7th, with appropriate festal decorations. Gus Haenschen's orchestra will play.

Patrons are requested to reserve tables as early as possible.

✱✱✱

#### Pretty Thin

There was once an old Scotch crofter who, when giving evidence before the crofters' commission, admitted that while he was the owner of three cows, "the beasties were as thin as Pharaoh's lean kine." The chairman, thinking to corner old Kenneth, asked him to say how lean Pharaoh's kine were. Even a seventeenth-century divine would have wanted a day or two to think this over. But Kenneth answered at once, "They were sae lean that they c'u'd only be seen in a dream."

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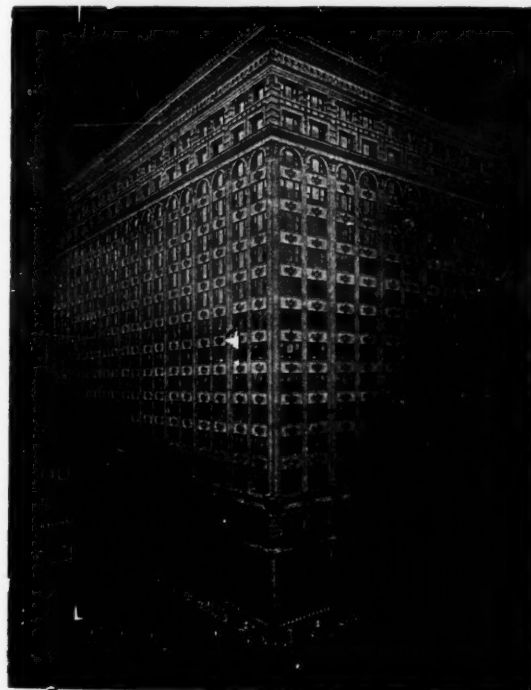
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